

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Bubble of the Age; or, the Fallacies of Railway Investments, Railway Accounts, and Railway Dividends.* By ARTHUR SMITH. 1848.
2. *Herepath's Railway and Commercial Journal.* 1848.
3. *Rules and Regulations for the conduct of the Traffic and for the guidance of the Officers and Men in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company.* London. 1847.

A good many years ago one of the toughest and hardest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire undertook to perform a feat which, just for the moment, attracted the general attention not only of the country but of the sporting world. His bet was, that if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough-bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride 200 miles in ten hours!

The newspapers of the day described exactly how "the 'squire" was dressed—what he had been living on—how he looked—how, at the word "*Away!*" he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Tranby, his favorite racer, stretched himself in his gallop—how, on arriving at his second horse, he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible, faster than before—and how, to the astonishment and amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in . . . a winner!

Now, if at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow—his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his horse, which his friends at each side of the bridge were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepit old woman had hobbled forward, and, in the name of Science, had told the assembled multitude, that before she became a skeleton she and her husband would undertake, instead of 200 miles in ten hours, to go 500—that is to say, that, for every mile "the 'squire" had just ridden, she and her old man would go two miles and a half—that she would moreover knit all the way, and that he should take his medicine every hour and read to her just as if they were at home; lastly, that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, "in thunder, lightning, or in rain;"—who, we ask, would have listened to the poor maniac?—and yet how wonderfully would her prediction have been now fulfilled! Nay, wagons of coals and heavy luggage now-a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and further than Mr. Osbaldestone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.

When railways were first established, every living being gazed at a passing train with astonish-

ment and fear; ploughmen held their breath; the loose horse galloped from it, and then, suddenly stopping, turned round, stared at it, and at last snorted aloud. But the "nine days' wonder" soon came to an end. As the train now flies through our verdant fields, the cattle grazing on each side do not even raise their heads to look at it; the timid sheep fears it no more than the wind: indeed, the hen-partridge, running with her brood along the embankment of a deep cutting, does not now even crouch as it passes close by her. It is the same with mankind. On entering a railway station we merely mutter to a clerk in a box where we want to go—say "*How much?*"—see him horizontally poke a card into a little machine that pinches it—receive our ticket—take our place—read our newspaper—on reaching our terminus drive away perfectly careless of all or of any one of the innumerable arrangements necessary for the astonishing luxury we have enjoyed.

On the practical working of a railway there is no book extant, nor any means open to the public of obtaining correct information on the subject.

Unwilling, therefore, to remain in this state of ignorance respecting the details of the greatest blessing which science has ever imparted to mankind, we determined to make a short inspection of the practical machinery of one of our largest railways; and having, on application to the secretary, as also to the secretary of the post-office, been favored with the slight authorities we required, without companion or attendant we effected our object; and although under such circumstances our unbiased observations were necessarily superficial, we propose by a few rough sketches rapidly to pass in review before our readers some of the scenes illustrative of the practical working of a railway, which we witnessed at the principal stations of the London and North-western Railway—say Euston, Camden, Wolverton, and Crewe.

**EUSTON—The Down Train.**—On arriving in a cab at the Euston station, the old-fashioned traveller is at first disposed to be exceedingly pleased at the new-born civility with which, the instant the vehicle stops, a porter, opening its door with surprising alacrity, most obligingly takes out every article of his luggage; but so soon as he suddenly finds out that the officious green straight-buttoned-up official's object has been solely to get the cab off the premises, in order to allow the string of variegated carriages that are slowly following to advance—in short, that, while he has been paying to the driver, say only two shining shillings, his favorite great-coat—his umbrella, portmanteau, carpet-bag, Russia leather writing-case, secured by Chubb's patent lock, have all vanished—he poignantly feels, like poor Johnson, that his "patron

has encumbered him with help;" and it having been the golden maxim of his life never to lose sight of his luggage, it gravels and lysespsias him beyond description to be civilly told that on no account can he be allowed to follow it, but that "*he will find it on the platform*;" and truly enough the prophecy is fulfilled; for there he does find it on a barrow in charge of the very harlequin who whipped it away, and who, as its guardian angel, hastily muttering the words, "*Now then, sir!*" stands beckoning him to advance.

The picture of the departure of one of the large trains from the station at Euston Square, however often it may have been witnessed, is worthy of a few moments' contemplation.

On that great covered platform, which, with others adjoining it, is lighted from above by 8797 square yards (upwards of an acre and three quarters) of plate-glass, are to be seen congregated and moving to and fro in all directions, in a sort of Babel confusion, people of all countries, of all religions, and of all languages. People of high character, of low character, of no character at all. Infants just beginning life—old people just ending it. Many desirous to be noticed—many, from innumerable reasons, good, bad and indifferent, anxious to escape notice. Some are looking for their friends—some, suddenly turning upon their heels, are evidently avoiding their acquaintance.

Contrasted with that variety of free and easy well-worn costumes in which quiet-minded people usually travel, are occasionally to be seen a young couple—each, like a new-born baby, dressed from head to foot in everything perfectly new—hurrying towards a coupé, on whose door there negligently hangs a black board—upon which there is printed, not unappropriately, in white bridal letters, the word "*ENGAGED*."

Across this mass of human beings a number of porters are to be seen carrying and tortuously wheeling, in contrary directions, baggage and property of all shapes and sizes. One is carrying over his right shoulder a matted parcel, 12 or 15 feet long, of young trees, which the owner, who has just purchased them for his garden, is following with almost parental solicitude. Another porter, leaning as well as walking backwards, is attempting with his whole strength to drag towards the luggage-van a leash of pointer-dogs, whose tails, like certain other "tails" that we know of, are obstinately radiating from the couples that bind together their heads; while a number of newspaper-venders, "*fleet-footed Mercuries*," are worming their way through the crowd.

Within the long and apparently endless straight line of railway carriages which bound the platform, are soon seen the faces and caps of various travellers, especially old ones, who with due precaution have taken possession of their seats; and while most of these, each of them with their newspapers unfolded on their knees, are slowly wiping their spectacles, several of the younger inmates are either talking to other idlers leaning on their carriage-windows, or, half kissing and half

waving their hands, are bidding "*farewell*" to the kind friends who have accompanied them to the station.

Some months ago, at a crisis similar to that just mentioned, we happened to be ensconced in the far corner of a railway carriage, when we heard a well-known clergyman from Brighton suddenly observe to his next neighbor who sat between us, "*There must surely be something very remarkable in that scene!*" His friend, who was busily cutting open his *Record*, made no reply, but, as we chanced to witness the trifling occurrence alluded to, we will very briefly describe it. A young man of about twenty-two, of very ordinary height, dress, and appearance, was standing opposite to a first-class carriage just as the driver's whistle shrilly announced the immediate departure of the train. At this signal, without any theatrical movement, or affectation of any sort, he quietly reeled backwards upon a baggage truck which happened to be immediately behind him. Two elderly ladies beside him instantly set to work, first of all, most vigorously to rub with their lean fingers the palms of his hands—they might just as well have scrubbed the soles of his boots;—they then untied his neckcloth; but their affectionate kindness was of no avail. The train was probably separating him from something, or from some one. The movement, however, he had not witnessed, for the mere whistle of the engine had caused him to swoon! What corresponding effect of fainting or sobbing it may have produced on any inmate in that carriage before which he had long been standing, and which had just left him, we have no power to divine. It is impossible, however, to help reflecting what emotions must every day be excited within the train as well as on the platform at Euston station by the scream or parting whistle which we have just described. From the murderer flying from the terrors of justice down to the poor broken-hearted creditor absconding from his misfortunes;—from our careworn prime minister down to the most indolent member of either house of parliament—each simultaneously escaping after a long-protracted session;—from people of all classes going from or to laborious occupation, down to the schoolboy reluctantly returning to, or joyfully leaving, his school;—from our governor-general proceeding to embark for India down to the poor emigrant about to sail from the same port to Australia—the railway-whistle, however unheeded by the multitude, must oftentimes have excited a variety of feelings which it would be utterly impossible to describe.

While the travellers of a train are peacefully taking their seats, artillery-men, horses, and cannon, on a contiguous set of rails, are occasionally as quietly embarking in carriages, horse-boxes, and trucks, which are subsequently hooked on to a mass of passengers perfectly unconscious of the elements of war which are accompanying them.

As a departing railway-train, like a vessel sailing out of harbor, proceeds on its course, its rate rapidly increases, until, in a very short time, it

has attained its full speed, and men of business are then intently reading the "City news," and men of pleasure the leading article of their respective newspapers, when this runaway street of passengers—men, women, and children—unexpectedly find themselves in sudden darkness, visible only by a feeble and hitherto unappreciated lamp, which, like the pale moon after a fiery sunset, modestly shines over their head. By this time the boarded platform at Euston station, but a few minutes ago so densely thronged with passengers, is completely deserted. The lonely guard on duty, every footstep resounding as he walks, paces along it like a sentinel. The newspaper-venders, sick unto death of the news they had been vaunting, are indolently reclining at their stalls; even the boy who sells "Punch" is half asleep; and there is nothing to break the sober dulness of the scene but a few clerks and messengers, who, like rabbits popping from one hole of their warren into another, enter upon the platform from the door of one office to hurry into that of the next. In a few minutes, however, the loud puffing of an engine announces the approach towards the platform of a string of empty carriages, which are scarcely formed into the next departure train, when vehicles of all descriptions are again to be seen in our most public thoroughfares concentrating upon the focus of Euston Square; and thus, with a certain alleviation on Sundays, this strange feverish admixture of confusion and quietness, of society and solitude, continues intermittently from  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. during every day in the week, every week in the month, and every month in the year.

*The Up Train.*—The out-train having been despatched, we must now beg our readers to be so good as to walk, or rather to scramble, with us from the scene of its departure across five sets of rails, on which are lying, like vessels at anchor in a harbor, crowds of railway-carriages preparing to depart, to the opposite platform, in order to witness the arrival of an incoming train. This platform, for reasons which will shortly appear, is infinitely longer than that for the departure trains. It is a curve 900 feet in length, lighted by day from above with plate-glass, and at night by 67 large gas lamps suspended from above, or affixed to the iron pillars that support the metallic networked roof. Upon this extensive platform scarcely a human being is now to be seen; nevertheless along its whole length it is bounded on the off-side by an interminable line of cabs, intermixed with private carriages of all shapes, gigs, dog-carts, and omnibuses, the latter standing opposite to little ugly black-faced projecting boards, which by night as well as by day are always monotonously exclaiming, "*Holborn!—Fleet Street and Cheap-side!—Oxford Street!—Regent Street!—Charing Cross!*" &c.

In this motley range of vehicles, smart coachmen, tall pale powdered footmen, and splendid horses are strangely contrasted with the humble but infinitely faster conveyance—the common cab. Most of the drivers of these useful machines,

strange to say, are absent; the remainder are either lolling on benches, or, in various attitudes, dosing on their boxes. Their horses, which are generally well-bred, and whose bent knees and fired hocks proclaim the good services they have performed, stand ruminating with a piece of sacking across their loins, or with nose-bags, often empty—until for some reason a carriage before them leaves their line: in which case, notwithstanding the absence of their drivers and regardless of all noises, they quietly advance along the edge of the little precipice which bounds the rails. They know quite well what they are waiting for, and have no desire to move. Indeed, it is a Pickwickian fact, well-known to cab-drivers, that their horses travel unwillingly from the station, but always pull hard coming back, simply because it is during the waiting-time at Euston station that their nose-bags are put on—or, in other words, that they are fed.

We may here observe that there are sixty-five selected cabmen who have the *entrée* to the platform, and who, *quandiu se bene gesserint*, are allowed exclusively to work for the company, whose name is painted on their cabs. If more than these are required, a porter calls them from a line of suppliant cabs standing in the adjacent street. Close to each departure-gate there is stationed a person whose duty it is to write down in a book the number of each cabman carrying away a passenger, as well as the place to which he is conveying him, which each driver is required to exclaim as he trots by; and thus any traveller desirous to complain of a cabman, or who may have left any property in a carriage from Euston station, has only to state on what day and by what train he arrived, also whither he was conveyed, and from these data the driver's name can at any lapse of time be readily ascertained.

But our attention is suddenly claimed by something of infinitely more importance than a passenger's luggage; for that low unearthly whine within the small signal-office behind the line of cabs and carriages requires immediate explanation.

The variety of unforeseen accidents that might occur by the unwelcome arrival of an unexpected or even of an expected passenger-train at the great terminus of the London and North-Western Railway are so obvious that it has been deemed necessary to take the following precautions.

As soon as the reeking engine-funnel of an up-train is seen darting out of the tunnel at Primrose-Hill, one of the company's servants stationed there, who deals solely in compressed air—or rather who has an hydraulic machine for condensing it—allows a portion to rush through an inch iron pipe; and he thus instantaneously produces in the little signal-office on the up-platform of Euston station, where there is always a signalman watching by night as well as by day, that loud melancholy whine which has just arrested our attention, and which will continue to moan uninterruptedly for five minutes:—



Hic vasto rex Æolus antro  
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras  
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.  
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure fremunt.

The moment this doleful intimation arrives, the signal-man, emerging from his little office, touches the trigger of a bell outside his door, which immediately, in two loud hurried notes, announces to all whom it may concern the arrival at Camden station of the expected up-train; and at this moment it is interesting to watch the poor cab-horses, who, by various small muscular movements, which any one acquainted with horses can readily interpret, clearly indicate that they are perfectly sensible of what has just occurred, and quite as clearly foresee what will very shortly happen to them.

As soon as the green signal man has created this sensation among bipeds and quadrupeds, taking with him the three flags, of danger (red,) caution (green,) and security (white,) he proceeds down the line a few yards, to a point from which he can plainly see his brother signal-man stationed at the mouth of the Euston tunnel. If any obstruction exists in that direction, the waving of the red flag informs him of it; and it is not until the white one from the tunnel, as well as that from the station-master on the platform, have reported to him that "all is clear," that he returns to his important but humble office (12 feet in length by 9 in breadth) to announce, by means of his compressed air-apparatus, this intelligence to the ticket-collector at Camden station, whose strict orders are, on no account whatever to allow a train to leave his platform until he has received through the air-pipes, from the signal-office at Euston station, the company's lugubrious authority to do so.

In the latter office there are also the dial and wires of an electric telegraph, at present inoperative. The signal-man, however, mentioned to us the following trifling anecdote, as illustrative of the practical utility of that wonderful invention, which has so justly immortalized the names of Cooke and Wheatstone. An old general officer, who had come up to Euston station from his residence some miles beyond Manchester, on an invitation from the East-India directors to be present at the dinner to be given by them to Lord Hardinge, found on his arrival that it would be necessary he should appear in regimentals; and the veteran, nothing daunted, was proposing to return to Manchester, when the signal-man at Euston advised him to apply for them by electric telegraph. He did so. The application, at the ordinary rate of 280,000 miles (about twelve times the circumference of the earth) *per second*, flew to Manchester; in obedience to its commands a porter was instantly despatched into the country for the clothes, which, being forwarded by the express train, arrived in abundant time for the dinner. The charge for telegraph and porter was 13s. 8d.

About four minutes after the up-train has been authorized by the air-pipe to leave Camden station, the guard, who stands listening for it at the Euston tunnel, just as a deaf man puts his ear to a

trumpet, announces by his flag its immediate approach; on which the signal-man at the little office on Euston platform again touches his trigger, which violently convulsing his bell as before, the cab-horses begin to move their feet, raise their jaded heads, prick up their ears, and champ their bits; the servants in livery turn their powdered heads round; the company's porters, emerging from various points, quickly advance to their respective stations; and this suspense continues until in a second or two there is seen darting out of the tunnel, like a serpent from its hole, the long, dark-colored dusty train, which, by a tortuous movement, is apparently advancing at its full speed. But the bank-riders, by applying their breaks—without which the engineless train merely by its own gravity would have descended the incline from Camden station at the rate of forty miles an hour—soon slacken its speed, until the company's porters are enabled at a brisk walk to unfasten one after another the doors of all the carriages.

While they are performing this popular duty, numerous salutations, and kissings of hands of all colors and sizes, are seen to pass between several of the inmates of the passing train and those seated in or on the motley line of conveyances standing stock still which have been awaiting their arrival. A wife suddenly recognizes her husband, a mother her four children, a sister her two dear brothers; Lord A. B. politely bows to Lady C. D.; John, from his remote coach-box, grins with honest joy as faithful Susan glides by; while Sally bashfully smiles at "a gentleman" in plush breeches reclining in the rumble of the barouche behind it.

As soon as the train stops, a general "sauve qui peut" movement takes place, and our readers have now an opportunity of observing that, just as it is hard to *make* money, easy to spend it, so, although it requires at least twenty minutes to fill and despatch a long train, it scarcely requires as many seconds to empty one. Indeed, in less than that short space of time the greater number of the railway carriages are often empty!

When every person has succeeded in liberating himself or herself from the train, it is amusing to observe how cleverly, from long practice, the company's porters understand the apparent confusion which exists. To people wishing to embrace their friends—to gentlemen and servants darting in various directions straight across the platform to secure a cab or in search of private carriages—they offer no assistance whatever, well knowing that none is required. But to every passenger whom they perceive to be either restlessly moving backwards and forwards, or standing still, looking upwards in despair, they civilly say, "*This way, sir!*" "*Here it is, ma'am!*"—and thus, knowing what they want before they ask, they conduct them either to the particular carriage on whose roof their baggage has been placed, or to the luggage-van in front of the train, from which it has already been unloaded on to the platform; and thus, in a very few minutes after the convulsive shaking of hands and the feverish distribution of



baggage have subsided, all the cabs and carriages have radiated away—the parti-colored omnibuses have followed them—even the horses, which in different clothing have been disembarked, have been led or ridden away—and, the foot-passengers having also disappeared, the long platform of the incoming train of the Euston station remains once more solely occupied by one or two servants of the company, hemmed in by a new line of expectant cabs and omnibuses. Indeed, at various periods of the day a very few minutes only elapse before at the instigation of compressed air the faithful signal-bell is again heard hysterically announcing the arrival of another train at Camden station.

In a clear winter's night the arrival of an up-train at the platform before us forms a very interesting picture.

No sound is heard in the cold air but the hissing of a pilot engine, which, like a restless spirit advancing and retrograding, is stealing along the intermediate rails, waiting to carry off the next down-train; its course being marked by white steam meandering above it and by red-hot coals of different sizes which are continually falling from beneath it. In this obscure scene the company's interminable lines of gaslights, (there are 232 at the Euston station,) economically screwed down to the minimum of existence, are feebly illuminating the damp varnished panels of the line of carriages in waiting, the brass doorhandles of the cabs, the shining haims, brass browbands and other ornaments on the drooping heads and motionless backs of the cab-horses; and while the blood-red signal lamp is glaring near the tunnel to deter unauthorized intrusion, the stars of heaven cast a faint silvery light through the long strips of plate glass in the roof above the platform. On a sudden is heard—the stranger hardly knows whence—the mysterious moan of compressed air, followed by the violent ringing of a bell. That instant every gaslight on and above a curve of 900 feet suddenly bursts into full power. The carriages, cabs, &c., appear, comparatively speaking, in broad day-light, and the beautiful iron reticulation which sustains the glazed roof appears like fairy work.

*The Railway Carriages.*—We will now proceed to detail a few circumstances respecting the railway carriages, about which our readers have probably never cared to inquire.—And, *firstly*, as soon as an up-train arrives at the commencement of the Euston platform, while it is still in motion, and before its guard—distinguished by a silver-buckled black shiny patent-leather belt, hanging diagonally across the white buttons of his green uniform-coat—has ventured with practised skill to spring from the sideboard of the train to the platform, two greasy-faced men in canvass jackets, with an oil-can in each of their right hands and with something like a mophead of dirty cotton hugged under each of their left arms, are to be seen running on each side of the rails below in pursuit of the train; and while the porters, holding the handles of the carriage doors, to prevent any traveller from escaping, are still advancing at a brisk walk, these two oil-

men, who have now overtaken the train, diligently wipe as they proceed the dust and perspiration from the buffer-rods of the last carriage. As soon as these irons are perfectly clean and dry rubbed, they oil them from their can; and then—crawling beneath the open doors of the carriages and beneath the feet and ankles of a crowd of exuding travellers of all ages, who care no more for oilmen than the oilmen of this world care for them—they hurry to the buffer-rods of the next carriage—and so rapidly do they proceed, that before the last omnibus has driven off the buffer-rods of the whole train are as bright as when new. But, *secondly*, these two men have been closely followed by two others in green jackets—one on each side of the carriage—who deal solely in a yellow composition of tallow and palm-oil. Carrying a wooden box full of this ointment in one hand and a sort of short flat calve-knife in the other, they open with the latter the small iron trap-doors which cover the receptacles for greasing the axles, restore whatever quantity has been exhausted, and then, closing with a dexterous snap the little unctuous chamber over which they preside, they proceed to the next tallow-box; and thus, while the buffer-rods of the whole train are being comfortably cleaned and greased, the glistening axles of the carriages are simultaneously fed with luxurious fat. *Thirdly*, while these two operations are proceeding in the lower region, at about the same rate two others are progressing, one inside the carriages and the other on their roofs; for on the arrival of every passenger-train, the carriage “*searcher*,” also “beginning at the end,” enters every carriage, lifts up first all the stuffed blue seats, next the carpet, which he drops in a heap in the middle of the carriage, and then, inquisitively peeping under the two seats, he leaves the carriage, laden with whatever article or articles may have been left in it, to continue his search throughout the train. The inconceivable number and variety of the articles which he collects we shall shortly have occasion to notice. *Fourthly*, above the searcher's head, on the roof, and following him very closely in his course, there “sits up aloft” a man called a “*strapper*,” whose sole duty it is, on the arrival of every train, to inspect, clean, shampoo, and refresh with cold-drawn neat's foot oil the luggage-straps, which, in consequence of several serious accidents that have occurred from their breaking, are now lined inside with strong iron wire. It is the especial duty of this inquisitor to condemn any straps that may be faulty, in order that they may be immediately replaced.

As soon as these four simultaneous operations are concluded, directions are given by the station-master to remove the up-carriages from their position, that the rails may be clear for the arrival of the next train. At this word of command a pilot-engine, darting from its lurking-place like a spider from its hole, occasionally hisses up to the rear of the train, and drags it off bodily into a siding. The usual mode, however, of getting an in-train out of the way is by the assistance of various unnoticed turn-

tables, upon which portions of it are standing. By these simple contrivances the carriages, after being unhooked from each other, are rapidly carried off into the sidings, where they are arranged, according as they may afterwards be required, among the five sets of rails which lie between the opposite platforms of the arrival and departure trains. No sooner, however, do they reach this haven, than a large gang of strong he-housemaids, clattering towards them in wooden shoes and in leather leggings rising above their bony knees, are seen advancing; some with mops in their hands, others with large chamois leathers, while others are carrying on their shoulders a yoke, from which are suspended *in equilibrio* two pails. From pipes on each side of these five sets of rails water is immediately drawn off, and the busy operation of washing them begins. Half a dozen dusty, dirty-faced, or rather dirty-bodied, carriages are simultaneously assailed on each of their sides by wet mops flying up, down, and around in all directions. The wielders of these, be it noticed, are so skilful in their vocation that while they are talking to their "pailers" they with great velocity continue to mop round the wood-work of the various-shaped plate-glass windows just as vigorously and as accurately as if they were looking at them; indeed, it is evident that they know the position of railway-carriage doors, windows of all forms, handles, steps, &c., so accurately, that they could mop a coach clean in the dark;—and probably they often go through these motions when they are asleep, just as King Richard III. in his dream called for his horse and for linen bandages—just as the sleeping orator ejaculates portions of his last speech—and just as an equally tired out-stretched fox-hound during the night occasionally convulsively kicks with his uppermost hind leg and yelps aloud when he thinks of the view he got of Renard as he first gallantly broke away from — gorse. It may possibly not be known to some of the most fashionable of our readers that among "moppers" there exist the same gradations which so distinctly separate other classes of society. A "first-class mopper" would on no account demean himself by mopping a second-class carriage, and in like manner a "second-class mopper" only attains that distinction after he has for a sufficient length of time been commissioned to mop horse-boxes and common luggage-trains.

After the passenger-carriages are all washed and dried, they are minutely examined by one or more of the foremen of the coach department, who order off to their adjoining establishment any that may require repair. Those that remain are then visited, lastly, by "*the duster*," who enters each carriage with a cloth, a leather, a brush, and a dust-pan, with which apparatus he cleans the windows, wipes the wood-work, brushes the blue cloth seats, sides, and backs—and when this operation is concluded the carriages are reported fit to depart, and accordingly are then marshalled into trains for that purpose.

**Lost Luggage Office.**—At a short distance from the terminus of the up-trains there is a foundling-office, termed the Lost Luggage Office, in which

are received all articles which the passengers leave behind them, and which on the arrival of every train are brought by the company's "searcher" to this office. The superintendent on receiving them records in a book a description of each article, stating on what day, by what train, in what carriage it arrived, and by whom found. All luggage bearing an address is kept about forty-eight hours, and, if during that time no one calls for it, it is then forwarded by rail or other conveyance to its owner. In case it bears no address, if not inquired after, it is after a month opened; and if any clue to the owner can be found within, a letter is addressed to him. If no clue be found, the property is kept about two years, and has hitherto been then sold by auction, in the large coach-factory, to the company's servants—a portion of the proceeds being handed over to the sick-fund for persons who have been hurt in the service, and the remainder to "the Friendly Society" among the men. It having, however, been ascertained that a few of the railway men who had spare cash purchased the greater portion of these articles, it has, we understand, very lately been determined henceforward to sell the whole of this property by auction *exclusively to the public*; and as the company's servants are not allowed to be purchasers, they can no longer derive any benefit whatever from lost property, which must often be of inestimable value to its owner, and which they therefore should have no interest, direct or indirect, in concealing from him.

A second ledger, entitled "*Luggage Inquiry Book*," is kept in this office, and, if the articles therein inquired after have not been brought in by the searcher, copies of the description are forwarded to each of the offices where lost luggage is kept: for by the company's orders all luggage found between Wolverton and London is without delay forwarded to the latter station, all between Wolverton and Birmingham to Birmingham, and so on.

It is possible, however, that the above orders may not have been attended to, and therefore, as a last resource, the superintendent of the Lost Luggage Office at Euston station writes to 310 stations on forty-two lines of rails to inquire after a lost article, be it ever so small, and if it be at none of these stations a letter is then addressed to the owner, informing him that his lost property is *not on the railway*.

In the office in which these ledgers and letter-books are made up are to be seen on shelves and in compartments the innumerable articles which have been left in the trains during the last two months, each being ticketed and numbered with a figure corresponding with the entry-book in which the article is defined. Without, however, describing in detail this property we will at once proceed to a large pitch-dark subterranean vaulted chamber, warmed by hot-air iron pipes, in which are deposited the flock of lost sheep, or, without metaphor, the lost luggage of the last two years.

Suspended from the roof there hangs horizon-

tally in this chamber a gas-pipe about eight feet along, and as soon as the brilliant burners at each end were lighted the scene was really astounding. It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not than what there is in the forty compartments like great wine-bins in which all this lost property is arranged. One is choke-full of men's hats, another of parasols, umbrellas, and sticks of every possible description. One would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained, we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan-plaids, and red scarfs piled up in one corner, it was, we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages who wear red cloaks, &c., must in some mysterious way or other be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends—in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston station; for else how, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red heap before us?

Of course, in this Rolando-looking cave there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, portmantaus, writing-desks, books, bibles, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus-excitement which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to clope from their red shawls—in short, to be all of a sudden not only in “a bustle” behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions.

One gentleman had left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another his boot-jack! A soldier of the 22d regiment had left his knapsack containing his kit! Another soldier of the 10th, poor fellow, had left his scarlet regimental coat! Some cripple, probably overjoyed at the sight of his family, had left behind him his crutches!! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably in the ecstasy of suddenly seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful *Jeanie*, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bagpipes!!!

Some little time ago the superintendent, on breaking open, previous to a general sale, a locked leather hat-box, which had lain in this dungeon two years, found in it, under the hat, 65*l.* in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner, who, it turned out, had been so positive that he had left his hat-box at an hotel at Birmingham that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway-office.

*Parcel-delivery Office.*—Besides what is termed

“the goods traffic,” or the conveyance of heavy goods in luggage-trains, the London and North-Western Railway Company have for some time undertaken to forward, by their passenger-trains, to the various stations on as well as beyond their lines, light parcels, for the conveyance and delivery of which, charges, of which the following are a sample, are made:—

For parcels under 12lbs. weight:—

From London to any part of Birming-	<i>s. d.</i>
ham and <i>vice versa</i> , . . . . .	1 0
For distances under 160 miles, . . . .	1 6
“ “ “ 210 miles, . . . . .	2 0
From London to Durham, Carlisle, or	
Newcastle, . . . . .	2 0
From London to Edinburgh or Glasgow, .	4 0

The above charges include portorage and delivery of the parcels. In London, however, the delivery is limited to within three miles of the general post-office, or say six miles from Euston Square.

The mode in which the business of this department is conducted at Euston station is briefly as follows:—

The superintendent of the department sits in an elevated room, the sides of which being glazed enable him to look down on his right and left into two offices, both of which communicate on the south with the street by which parcels arrive from or depart to various parts of the metropolis, and on the north side with a branch railway leading into the main line. The floor of one of these two offices is generally covered with articles which have just arrived by rail from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland; that of the other with parcels to be despatched by rail to similar destinations. In the daytime, the down parcels are despatched from the office in the break-wagons of various passenger-trains, and the following locked-up vans laden with small parcels are also forwarded every night:—

2 vans for Birmingham,	1 van for Newcastle,
1 “ Manchester,	1 “ Derby,
1 “ Liverpool,	1 “ Nottingham,
1 van for Carlisle and Lancaster.	

The number of parcels thus conveyed to and from London and the North during the year 1847 amounted to 787,969. The manner in which all these little parcels are circulated throughout the country is as follows:—

As soon as the empty railway vans arrive by the branch-rail close to the north side of the parcels-office, a porter, who, assisted by his comrades, has for some time previously been arranging the parcels into heaps according to their respective destinations, commencing with one set of them and rapidly taking up parcel after parcel, exclaims in a loud and monotonous tone, easily enough set to music, inasmuch as it is exactly the middle note of a stout porter's voice; and which never varies for a moment during the whole operation—

Now *Leighton*.

A paper for Hancock, of —, light.

A basket for Wagstaff, of —, out 8*d.*, light.



A box for Tomkins, of —, weighs (he puts it into an index-scale at his right hand, and in about three seconds adds) 26 pounds.

A paper for Jones, of —, out 4d.

Now *Leamington*.

A paper for S. on Avon (the porter never says *Stratford*) for —, light, &c. &c.

As fast as this chanting porter draws out his facts the chief clerk records them, convulsively snatching up at each change of station the particular book of entry which belongs to it. Another clerk at each exclamation hands over to a porter a bill for the cost of conveyance, which he pastes to every parcel. For all articles declared by the first porter to be "*light*," by which he means that they do not exceed twelve pounds weight—(by far the greater number are of this description)—the charge on the paper to be affixed is ready printed, which effectually prevents fraud; but where the weight exceeds twelve pounds, or where any sum has been paid out, the charges are unavoidably inserted in ink. The velocity with which all these little parcels are booked, weigh-billed, placed into hand-trucks, wheeled off to their respective vans, packed, locked up, and then despatched down the little branch-rail to the main line, on which is the train ready to convey them, is very surprising. While witnessing the operation, however, we could not help observing that the company's porters took about as much notice of the words, "Keep this side uppermost," "With care," "Glass," "To be kept very dry," &c., as the admiralty would to an intimation from some dowager-duchess that her nephew, who is about to join the *Thunderer* as a midshipman, "has rather a *peculiar constitution*, and will therefore require for some years *very particular care*."

*Coach Department.*—The new carriages for the southern division of the London and North-Western Railway are principally built by contract in the city by Mr. Wright, who also supplies carriages for other English railways, as well as a great number for Germany. The company's establishment at Euston station, which is therefore principally for the maintenance of carriages of various descriptions running between London and Birmingham, consists of a large area termed "*the Field*," where, under a covering almost entirely of plate-glass, are no less than fourteen sets of rails, upon which wounded or spare carriages lie until doctored or required. Immediately adjoining are various workshops, the largest of which is 260 feet in length by 132 in breadth, roofed with plate-glass, lighted by gas, and warmed by hot air. In this edifice, in which there is a strong smell of varnish, and in the corner of which we found men busily employed in grinding beautiful colors, while others were emblazoning arms on panels, are to be seen carriages highly finished as well as in different stages of repair. Among the latter there stood a severely wounded second-class carriage. Both its sides were in ruins, and its front had been so effectively smashed that not a vestige of it remained. The iron-work of the guard's step was bent completely upwards, and a tender behind was nearly filled

with the confused *débris* of its splintered wood-work—and yet, strange to say, a man, his wife, and their little child, who had been in this carriage during its accident, had providentially sustained no injury! Close to this immense warehouse we found a blacksmith's shop seventy-five feet square, lighted from the roof with plate-glass, containing in the centre a large chimney, around which there were simultaneously at work fourteen forges, blown by a steam-engine of seventeen-horse power, which works machinery in two other shops. As, however, we shall have occasion to describe the company's coaching establishment at Crewe, we will abruptly take leave of the details before us.

CAMDEN.—*The Locomotive Engine.*—Considering how many fine feelings and good feelings adorn the interior of the human heart, it is curious to observe with what facility we can put them all to sleep, or, if they won't sleep, stupefy ourselves at any moment when it becomes inconvenient to us to listen to their friendly admonitions. All the while mailing, coaching, and posting were in fashion, every man's countenance beamed—every person's tongue gabbled freely as it described not only "*the splendid rate*" (say ten miles an hour) at which he had travelled, but the celerity with which no sooner had the words "*First turnout!*" been exclaimed by the scout, who vanished as soon as he had uttered them, than four horses in shining harness had appeared half hobbling half trotting from under the archway of the Red Lion, the Crown, or the Three Bells, before which the traveller had from a canter been almost suddenly pulled up, to receive various bows, scrapes, and curtsies from the landlord and his rosy-faced cap-beribboned wife. But, although we could all accurately describe our own enjoyments, and, like Johnson, expatiate on "*the delightful sensations*" we experienced in what we called *fast travelling*, who among us ever cared to ascertain, or even for a single moment to think of the various arrangements necessary for watering, feeding, cleaning, and shoulder-healing all the poor horses whose "*brilliant*" performances we had so much admired? Whether they slept on straw or on stones—indeed, whether they slept at all—what was their diet—what, if any, were their enjoyments—what were their sufferings—and, lastly, how and where they eventually died—it would have been deemed exceedingly vulgar to inquire; and so, after with palpitating flanks and panting nostrils they had once been unhooked from our splinter bars,

Where they went, and how they fared,  
No man knew, and no man cared!

In a similar way we now chloroform all kindly feelings of inquiry respecting the treatment of the poor engine-drivers, firemen, and even of the engine that has safely conveyed us through tunnels and through storms at the rate of thirty, forty, and occasionally even fifty miles an hour—

Oh no! we never mention them!

and in fact scarcely do we even deign to look at

them. Indeed, even while in the train, and especially after we had left it, we should feel bored to death by being asked to reflect for a moment on any point or any person connected with it. We have therefore, we feel, to apologize at least to some of our readers for intruding upon them, in bringing "betwixt the wind and their nobility" the following uninteresting details.

As soon as an engine has safely dragged a passenger-train to the top of the incline at Camden station, at which point the coupling-chains which connected it with its load are instantly unhooked, it is enabled by the switchman to get from the main line upon a pair of almost parallel side rails, along which, while the tickets are being collected, it may be seen and heard retrograding and hissing past its train. After a difficult and intricate passage from one set of rails to another, advancing or "shunting" backwards as occasion may require, it proceeds to the fire-pit, over which it stops. The fireman here opens the door of his furnace, which by a very curious process is made to void the red-hot contents of its stomach into the pit purposely constructed to receive them, where the fire is instantly extinguished by cold water ready laid on by the side. Before, however, dropping their fire, the drivers are directed occasionally to blow off their steam to clean; and we may further add that once a week the boiler of every engine is washed out to get rid of sediment or scale, the operation being registered in a book kept in the office. After dropping his fire, the driver, carefully taking his fire-bars with him, conducts his engine into an immense shed or engine-stable 400 feet in length by 90 in breadth, generally half full of locomotives, where he examines it all over, reporting in a book what repairs are wanting, or, if none, (which is not often the case,) he reports it "*correct*." He then takes his lamps to the lamp-house to be cleaned and trimmed by workmen solely employed to do so, after which he fetches them away himself. Being now off duty, he and his satellite fireman go either to their homes or to a sort of club-room containing a fire to keep them warm, a series of cupboards to hold their clothes, and wooden benches on which they may sit, sleep, or ruminate until their services are again required; and here it is pleasing to see these fine fellows in various attitudes enjoying rest and stillness after the incessant noise, excitement, and occasional tempests of wind and rain, to which—we will say nothing of greater dangers—they have been exposed.

The duties which the engine-driver has to perform are not only of vital importance, but of a nature which peculiarly illustrates the calm, unpretending, bull-dog courage, indigenous to the moist, healthy climate of the British Isles. Even in bright sunshine, to stand—like the figure-head of a ship—foremost on a train of enormous weight, which, with fearful momentum, is rushing forward faster than any race-horse can gallop, requires a cool head and a calm heart; but to proceed at this pace in dark or foggy weather into tunnels, along

embankments, and through deep cuttings, where it is impossible to foresee any obstruction, is an amount of responsibility which scarcely any other situation in life can exceed; for not only is a driver severely, and occasionally without mercy, punished for any negligence he himself may commit, but he is invariably sentenced personally to suffer on the spot for any accident that from the negligence of others may suddenly befall the road along which he travels, but over which he has not the smallest control. The greatest hardship he has to endure, however, is from cold, especially that produced in winter by evaporation from his drenched clothes passing rapidly through the air. Indeed, when a gale of wind and rain from the northwest, triumphantly sweeping over the surface of the earth at its ordinary rate of say sixty miles an hour, suddenly meets the driver of the London and North-Western, who has not only to withstand such an antagonist, but to dash through him, and in spite of him to proceed in an opposite direction at the rate of say forty miles an hour—the conflict between the wet Englishman and *Æolus*, tilting by each other at the combined speed of a hundred miles an hour, forms a tournament of extraordinary interest.

As the engine is proceeding, the driver, who has not very many inches of standing-room, remains upon its narrow platform, while his fireman, on about the same space, stands close beside him on the tender. We tried the position. Everything, however, proved to be so hard, not excepting the engine, which was both hard and hot, that we found it necessary to travel with one foot on the tender and the other on the engine, and as the motion of each was very different, we felt as if each leg were galloping at a different stride. Nevertheless the company's drivers and firemen usually travel from 100 to 120 miles per day, performing six of these trips per week; nay, a few run 166 miles per day—for which they are paid eight days' wages for six trips.

But to return to the engine which we just left in the engine-house. As soon as the driver has carefully examined it, and has recorded in a book the report we have described, "the foreman of the fitters" comes to it, and examines it all over again; and if anything is found out of order which, on reference to the book, the driver has not reported, the latter is reported by the former for his negligence. A third examination is made by Mr. Walker, the chief superintending engineer of the station, a highly intelligent and valuable servant of the company, who has charge of the repairs of the locomotive department between Camden and Tring. If he detects any defect that has escaped the notice not only of the driver, but of the foreman of the fitters, woe betide them both!

While the engine, with several workmen screwing and hammering at it, is undergoing the necessary repairs, we will consider for a moment a subject to which Englishmen always attach considerable importance, namely, its victuals and drink, or, in other words, its coke and water.

There is at Camden station a coke-factory composed of eighteen ovens, nine on each side, in which coal after being burnt for about fifty hours gives nearly two thirds of its quantity of coke. These ovens produce about 20 tons of coke per day; but, as 50 tons per day are required for the Camden station alone, the remaining 30 tons are brought by rail all the way from Newcastle. Indeed, with the exception of fifty ovens at Peterborough, the whole of the coke required annually for the London and North-Western Railway, amounting to 112,500 tons of an average value of £1 per ton, comes from the northern coal fields. For some time there were continued quarrels between the coke suppliers and receivers, the former declaring that the company's wagons had been despatched from the North as soon as loaded, and the latter complaining that they had been unnecessarily delayed. A robin-redbreast settled the dispute, for, on unloading one of the wagons immediately on its arrival at Camden station, her tiny nest with three eggs in it mutely explained that the wagon had *not* been despatched as soon as loaded.

In order to obtain an ample supply of water for their engines, the company at considerable expense sank at Camden an Artesian well 10 feet in diameter and 140 feet deep. The produce of this well, pumped by a high-pressure steam-engine of 27 horse-power into two immense cisterns 110 feet above the rails at Euston Square, supplies all the Camden station, all the company's houses adjoining, the whole of the Euston station, as well as the Victoria and Euston Hotels, with most beautiful clear water; and yet—though every man who drinks it or who shaves with it admires it, and though every lady who makes tea with it certifies that it is particularly well adapted for that purpose—strange to say, it disagrees so dreadfully with the stomachs of the locomotive engines—(who would ever suspect *them* to be more delicate than our own?)—that the company have been obliged, at great inconvenience and cost, to obtain water for them elsewhere. The boilers of the locomotives were not only chemically liable to be encrusted with a deposition of the unusual quantity of soda contained in the Artesian-well water at Camden station—but, not even waiting for this inconvenience, the engine without metaphor spit it out—ejecting it from the boiler with the steam through the funnel-pipe, a well known misfortune termed by engineers "*priming*."

As much time would be required for each travelling engine to get up its steam *ab initio*, a coke-furnace has been constructed at Camden station to hasten the operation. Here nine men during the day, and the same number throughout the night, are continually employed to heat coke, which by means of iron shovels is to be delivered red-hot into the engines' furnaces.

These preparations having been made, the driver's duties are as follows:—

On leaving the shed in the morning the engine, after having been heated at the coke-furnace, is

conducted on to a great turn-table 40 feet in diameter, which twists it towards a set of rails leading to the water-crane, where it imbibes at one draught about a thousand gallons of cold water, which, under ordinary circumstances, will enable it to draw its train about 40 miles; although in slippery weather, when the wheels revolve *on*, instead of *along*, the rails, it of course would not carry it so far. It then proceeds to the coke-shed, an enclosure 210 feet by 45 feet, capable of holding 1500 tons, for its proper supply of coke, namely 1 ton—a goods-engine usually devouring 2½ tons.

The driver, leaving his engine in charge of his fireman, now proceeds to the office, where he signs his name in a book, the object being that it may be observed whether or not he is perfectly sober. From the chief clerk he receives his coke and time ticket, upon which, at every station, he has to record whatever time he may have lost up to that point; and when his chronometer is wound up, and set to the proper time, he is then considered to be ready for his journey.

The gigantic power of the locomotive engines hourly committed to the charge of these drivers was lately strangely exemplified in the large engine-stable at the Camden station. A passenger-engine, whose furnace-fire had but shortly been lighted, was standing in this huge building surrounded by a number of artificers, who, in presence of the chief superintendent, were working in various directions around it. While they were all busily occupied, the fire in the furnace, by burning up faster than was expected, suddenly imparted to the engine the breath of life; and no sooner had the minimum of steam necessary to move it been thus created, than this infant Hercules not only walked *off*, but without the smallest embarrassment walked *through* the 14-inch brick wall of the great building which contained it, to the terror of the superintendent and workmen, who expected every instant that the roof above their heads would fall in and extinguish them! In consequence of the spindle of the regulator having got out of its socket, the very same accident occurred shortly afterwards with another engine, which, in like manner, walked through another portion of this 14-inch wall of the stable that contained it, just as a thorough-bred horse would have walked out of the door. And if such be the irresistible power of the locomotive engine when feebly walking in its new-born state, unattended or unassisted even by its tender, is it not appalling to reflect what must be its momentum when, in the full vigor of its life, it is flying down a steep gradient at the rate of 50 miles an hour, backed up by say 30 passenger-carriages, each weighing on an average 5½ tons? If ordinary houses could suddenly be placed on its path, it would, passengers and all, run through them as a musket-ball goes through a keg of butter; but what would be the result if, at this full speed, the engine by any accident were to be diverted against a mass of solid rock, such as sometimes is to be seen at the entrance of a tunnel, it is almost impossible to calculate, or even to conjecture. It is



stated by the company's superintendent, who witnessed the occurrence, that some time ago, an ordinary accident happening to a luggage-train near Loughborough, the wagons overrode each other until the uppermost one was found piled 40 feet above the rails!

At Camden station there are every day five spare or pilot engines, with their steam up, ready for assisting a train up the incline, or for any special purposes that may be required.

The average cost of the locomotive engines and tenders, which, for the rails between London and Birmingham, are usually purchased by the company from makers at Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool, is—

Cylinder 16-inch diameter	£1,950	0	0
“ 16 “	2,113	10	0
“ 18 “	2,500	0	0

The tenders cost 500*l.* each.

*Goods Department.*—The duties of this department, which forms one of the most important establishments at Camden station, may very briefly be elucidated. It appears, from returns lying before us, that during the six months ending the 26th of August last there entered and departed from Camden station alone 73,732 railway wagon-loads of goods! Now in the annals of political economy there can perhaps scarcely exist a more striking exemplification of the extraordinary extent to which the latent resources of a great country may be developed by diminishing the friction or, without metaphor, by lowering the tolls of its goods-traffic, than the fact that, notwithstanding the enormous amount thus conveyed along the London and North-Western rails, the quantity carried along the Grand Junction Canal, which meanders alongside its powerful antagonist, instead of having been drained, as might have been expected, to zero, has, from the opening of the railway in 1836, up to the present period, actually increased as follows—

	Tons.
Average amount of goods annually moved on the Grand Junction Canal during the three years prior to the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway in 1836, . . . . .	756,894
Average amount of ditto annually moved during the twelve years subsequent to 1836, . . . . .	1,039,333
Amount moved in 1847, . . . . .	1,163,466

Besides the innumerable arrangements for the conveyance along their rails of the number of wagon-loads of goods we have stated, the company undertake the vexatious and intricate business of collecting and delivering these goods from and to all parts of London, as also throughout the various towns on their line, excepting Liverpool, where the collection and delivery of goods is otherwise arranged. The number of letters on business received by the branch of this department at Camden station only, amounts to 300 per day.

For the collection, loading, unloading, and delivery of a certain portion of the merchandise conveyed by the company on their rails, the Board

of Directors, who had no practical knowledge of these details, have, we think with great prudence, availed themselves of the experience of Messrs. Pickford and of Messrs. Chaplain and Horne, whom they have engaged as their agents at Camden station—the company's superintendent there marshalling and despatching all luggage-trains, arranging the signals, and making out the weigh-bills, &c. The undertaking is one of enormous magnitude; for besides immense cargoes of goods in large packages, an inconceivable number of small parcels are sent from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, &c., to numberless little retail shopkeepers in London, who are constantly requiring, say a few saucepans, kettles, cutlery, &c.; and when it is considered that for the collection, conveyance, and delivery of most of these light parcels 1*s.* only is charged, and, moreover, that for the conveyance of a small parcel by the company's goods-trains, from say Watford to Camden station, to be there unloaded into store, thence reloaded into and transported by a spring wagon to almost any street and house in London, or to the terminus of any railway-station to which it may be addressed, the charge is only 6*d.*, it is evident that a great deal of attention and skill are necessary to squeeze a profit from charges which competition has reduced to so low a figure.

At, and for some time after, the commencement of railway traffic, it was considered dangerous to convey goods by night. They are now, however, despatched from Birmingham at 8:45 p. m. to arrive at Camden station at 3½ in the morning. Goods from London are despatched at 9 in the evening, at midnight, at 12½, at ¼ before 1, at 3, and at 5 in the morning. In the day they are despatched at 12:40, at 1:15, at 2:6, and at 6½; and such regularity is attained, that packs of cotton, linen, and woollen goods from Manchester are usually delivered in London almost with the regularity of letters. An immense quantity of fish from Billingsgate, and occasionally as much as 20 tons of fruit from Covent Garden market, are injected into the country by the mid-day train: indeed, the London wholesale dealers in these articles do not now fear receiving too great a supply, as, whatever may be their surplus, the railway is ready to carry it off to the manufacturing districts—Manchester alone swallowing almost any quantity; besides which, large quantities of fruit are conveyed by rail as far as Glasgow. Many tons of meat in hampers, and oftentimes a flock of a hundred dead sheep, wrapped up only in cloths, are also despatched from the country to the London market.

Without tiring our readers with minute details, the following is a rough outline of the mode in which the goods-traffic is conducted.

As soon as an up luggage-train arrives at Camden station, its loaded wagons of merchandise, which are placed under the care of the goods-department superintendent as soon as they arrive, are, under his directions, drawn by horses along a variety of branch rails to a certain point, where

they are left by the superintendent in the open air, from which moment Messrs. Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin and Horne—to whom the different wagons are respectively addressed, and between whom a wholesome competition exists, highly advantageous to the public—are held responsible to the company for fire or accident of any sort; in short, for their safe delivery. The wagons thus deposited by the superintendent, solely under the canopy of heaven, are instantly approached by drivers and horses belonging to the two competing agents, who with great cleverness, by repeatedly twisting them on turn-tables, and then by drawing them along an apparent labyrinth of rails, conduct each species of goods to its own store, where, by experienced porters, it is immediately unloaded and despatched by spring wagons to its destination.

As regards the down-trade, the business transacted in this department, although apparently complicated, is very admirably arranged. The spring wagons and carts of the company's agents, like bees in search of honey, with extraordinary intelligence migrate in all directions to the various localities of the metropolis, in search, piecemeal, of that enormous traffic, large and small, which, by every diurnal pulsation of the heart of London, is projected into our manufacturing districts, which in return send back to the metropolis very nearly the same amount. Every wagon-load of merchandise thus obtained, as well as every boat-load of goods, (for the company have also at Camden station a branch water-communication leading into the Regent's Canal,) is either carted at once to the particular storehouse to which it belongs, to be thence reloaded into railway vans, or it is brought to "The General Receiving-Shed" either of Messrs. Pickford, or of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne; and to prevent mistakes, all invoice forms and truck-labels for the former firm, are printed in black, those for the latter in red. In these enormous receptacles goods "coming in" are arranged on one side, those "going out" on the other. In Messrs. Pickford's receiving shed, which is 300 feet in length by 217 in breadth, there are in operation, for the purpose of rapidly loading and unloading goods—

24 steam-cranes, 1 steam dolly, or lift,

21 wooden cranes, 1 travelling crane on the roof,

1 steam capstain for hauling trucks along the rails to the various loading bays. We observed also at work 4 steam hay-cutters, which cut 200 trusses in four hours, and 1 steam hay-cleaner. The above machines are worked simultaneously by an engine of 16-horse power, which also raises from an Artesian well, 380 feet deep, water, which is given warm to 222 horses in adjoining stables. These horses are all named, and branded with a number on their hoofs. In the general receiving-shed of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne there are also a series of cranes, with large stables full of horses that work about twelve hours a day; the "weights of goods allowed to be taken by them in each vehicle" being as follows:—

		FROM CAMDEN.			
	Tons.	cwt.		Tons.	cwt.
4 Horses	5	0	Not to exceed	6	0
3 Do.	4	0	Do.	4	10
2 Do.	3	0	Do.	3	5
1 Do.	1	10	Do.	1	15
					wagons.
					vans.
					do.
					carts.

By the very great powers committed by the company to their two agents, 50 wagon-loads of merchandise, collected and brought by spring-wagons to Camden station, have often, within two hours, been despatched by the superintendent to the manufacturing districts. During the day, as fast as the spring-wagons arrive, their contents are unloaded, and either left on the covered platform of the building, or ranged around the walls in large compartments, labelled "Glasgow," "Birmingham," "Manchester," "Leicester," "Nottingham," "Coventry," &c.; and as on the great square of Valetta at Malta one sees congregated the costumes of almost every merchant upon earth, so do these receiving-sheds display goods and chattels of almost every description. Here lies a wagon-load of beer from Chester—there another of sugar-loaves, in blue paper, for Northampton—of groceries, for Buckingham—cheeses, millinery, and gas-pipes for Peterborough—a van load of empty hosiery skips (baskets) to return to Leicester—empties for Glasgow—filberts for Birmingham, &c.; and as the goods are coming in as fast as they are going out, the colors of this kaleidoscopic scene are constantly changing. Indeed, during the short time we were ruminating on the strange chance-medley of objects before us, fourteen truck-loads of goods were unladen, and eight spring-wagons loaded and despatched.

The amount of business transacted in each of these great receiving-sheds every evening, from seven till about ten o'clock, is quite astonishing. On Messrs. Pickford's great elevated platform, which at that time is laden with goods of all descriptions, several clerks, each protected by a sort of rough arbor of iron rods, and lighted by gas, are seen, in various localities, sitting before little desks, towards which porters from all directions are wheeling, on trucks, different articles which have just been unloaded from a series of spring-vans, the bottoms of which are nearly on a level with the platform. The drivers of these carriages, entering the building at a large gate, twist, turn, and then back their horses with the dexterity which an unpractised person would think it impossible for men and horses to attain to: "Now then!" and "All right!" being almost the only vociferations to be heard. As fast as the goods can be unladen from the spring-wagons to the platform, a porter lustily calls out the address on each bale or parcel, which is actively registered by a clerk. These invoices are then briskly sent across to the other side of the platform, in order that each article enumerated therein when reloaded—as it almost immediately is, into railway wagons—may be ticketed off, to ascertain whether every package taken in at the receiving side of the platform has *bonâ fide* been safely despatched from the other.

Until the visitor has had some time first to recover his composure, and then to observe, analyze, and reflect on the various arrangements simultaneously in operation before him, the picture altogether is really astounding. For from one side of the platform a set of active porters are centripetally wheeling from different spring-wagons innumerable packages to the recording clerks, as eagerly as from these clerks (whose duty it is to record the weight of every article, and to affix to it the company's printed charge for conveyance to its address) other porters, equally active, are centrifugally wheeling other packages to various railway vans, which, as fast as they can be filled, are drawn away from the despatching side of the platform, and immediately replaced by empty ones. One set of porters are wheeling to a recording-clerk a wagon-load of raw silk, valued at £9000, from China, which, *via* the South-Western railway, has just arrived from Southampton to go to Macclesfield to be manufactured; another set, Russia tallow, in casks; others, draperies; another set, yarns for Gloucester; one porter has on his truck a very small but heavy load of iron or lead; another, with comparative ease, is wheeling through the crowd a huge wool-bag, large enough to contain, if properly packed, a special jury. Here comes a truck of mustard, in small casks, followed by another full of coffee; there goes a barrow-load of drugs—preceding a cask of spirits, which, to prevent fraud, has just been weighed, tapped, gauged, and sampled; also several trucks full of household furniture; the family warming-pan being tacked round the body of the eight-day clock, &c. This extraordinary whirl of business, set to music by the various noises proceeding from the working of the steam-cranes, steam-doller, steam-capstan, common cranes, and other machinery above the platform—from the arrival, turning, backing, and departure of spring-wagons beneath it—from the rumbling of the porters' trucks crossing the platform, as also of the railway vans, as, laden with goods, they are successively rolled away—forms altogether, we repeat, a scene which, though rarely visited, is astounding to witness, and which, we are sensible, we have but very faintly described. But, besides the amount of business above mentioned daily transacted in each of the agents' great "receiving-sheds," there are nine other sheds, in which, throughout the day, and especially at night, the same process on a smaller scale is going on. Close to these stores there is also a water-dock, for iron and heavy goods to be shipped for the Thames. The carting establishments of Messrs. Pickford and Chaplin for the collection and delivery of their share only of the goods-traffic—for the company have establishments of their own for loading and unloading at every station except London—would appear to any foreigner unacquainted with the modest and unassuming powers with which the mercantile business of England is quietly transacted, to be incomprehensible and almost incredible. For instance—

Messrs. Pickford's establishment, on account

of the London and North-Western railway, is as follows:—

Clerks.	Porters.	Horses.	Vans.	Wagons.	Drays.
234	538	396	82	57	25

The weights carted by Messrs. Pickford, on account of the company, for the year ending the 30th of June last, amounted to—

	Tons.	cwt.	qrs.	lbs.
Collected, . .	133,437	18	0	15
Delivered, . .	139,898	19	0	5

Making a gross total of 273,336 17 0 20

Or rather more than 841 tons per day.

As soon as the two agents, at their respective receiving-sheds, have loaded their trucks, and have securely covered them with water-proof and fire-proof tarpaulins, they turn them out, labelled, into the open air, from which moment they are considered to be in the hands of the company's superintendent of the goods-department. Accordingly, under his direction, they are immediately drawn by horses first over a weigh-bridge to receive their weigh-bills, and thence to a series of ten turn-tables, by which they are scattered among thirteen sets of rails, where they are marshalled into trains for their respective destinations. In this operation, it is alarming to see the superintendent's horses dragging the various luggage-vans, for not only are the rails as well as the pavement between them exceedingly slippery, but as the carriages have no shafts, the poor horse has not power to stop his load, and accordingly affixed to it by his traces he trots away before it, until it appears as if he must inevitably be smashed to a sandwich between it and the carriage at rest which he is approaching; however, just before the collision between the buffers of each vehicle takes place, the dull-looking animal jumps aside, and very dexterously saves himself from annihilation. The luggage-trains thus formed are composed sometimes of 90 or 100 wagons, weighing when empty about three tons each, and averaging when laden about six tons. At the rear of each of these trains there sits a guard. The company's goods-wagons of all descriptions amount in number to 6236.

*Engine Stable.*—In order to prevent the locomotive engines which draw these luggage-trains from crossing, or otherwise perilling the main passenger-line at Camden station, there has been constructed an immense rotunda, 160 feet in diameter, lighted from the top by plates of glass nine feet in length by half an inch thick, and capable of containing twenty-four of the largest class engines. In the centre of this great brick building there is a turn-table 40 feet in diameter, from whence the engines radiate to their twenty-four stalls, which on a large scale much resemble those constructed in a stable for hunters. The majority of these locomotives are capable of drawing 600 tons at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Each, when supplied with coke and water, with steam up ready for its journey, weighs about 50 tons. At the entrance of this building there is a pit into which, after their journey, they may drop their



fire, and between the rails in each of the twenty-four stalls we observed a smaller pit to enable artificers to work beneath any engine that may require reparation. The drivers of these huge locomotives, after every journey, inspect and report in a book, as in the passenger-trains, any repairs that may be required, and the engines are thoroughly cleaned every time they come in.

At a short distance from this rotunda we observed a platform about 300 yards long, constructed for the landing of cattle, which arrive there generally on Thursdays and Saturdays from 2 P.M. till midnight. Fifty wagon-loads of bullocks, sheep, or pigs can here be unloaded at a time, and then driven into strong pens or pounds, constructed in the rear. The company's cattle and merchandise wagons are usually painted blue, their sheep-wagons green. On the arrival of a train of cattle it is interesting to see such a quantity of polished horns, bright eyes, streams of white breath, and healthy black wet noses projecting above the upper rail of their respective wagons, and fatal as is the object of their visit to John Bull's metropolis, it is some consolation to reflect that—poor things—they are, at all events, in ignorance of the fate that awaits them. In disembarking the cattle, in spite of every precaution, an infuriated Welsh or a wild Irish bullock, will occasionally escape from this platform, and by roaring, jumping, and galloping, with depressed head and upstretched tail—

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,  
Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!

create no small consternation as well as confusion among the green-coated pointsmen, porters, and policemen in charge of the various sets of tributary rails which flow from the wagon department into the main line. Instead, however, of attempting, as in the case of Mr. Smith O'Brien, to capture the fugitive by force, this object is effected by the simple stratagem of instantly turning loose several other black-nosed bullocks, which he no sooner sees, than running and galloping towards the herd, he is quietly driven with them into a pen, where he appears quite to enjoy "the union" which a few minutes ago he had so violently and so vociferously attempted to "repale."

*Wagon Hospital.*—Among the large establishments at Camden station is one for the maintenance and repair of the luggage-trucks and goods-carriages of the Southern District, namely, from London to Birmingham—in which alone there are 2000 luggage-wagons with a proportionate number of trucks. The construction-shop for this department, in which 129 men were at work, is 437 feet in length by 64 in breadth. With its sideways it is capable of containing and of repairing at one time 100 carriages; the average number in hospital being, however, from 60 to 70. In the smiths' shop we observed working at once 14 common forges blown by steam, also four portable ones. In locked-up vaulted stores adjoining there was lying, besides deals and Memel planks, 4000l.

worth of oak timber in scantlings of the various sizes required, each lot ticketed with its dimensions. It is surprising to observe the quantity of iron and oak timber used in the construction of the company's luggage-trucks. Nevertheless, although they are built infinitely stronger in proportion than any ship, (for their oak stanchions, being straight instead of curved, when they come in collision strike end foremost,) yet we witnessed results of accidents which were really appalling; in many cases the largest of these timbers had been splintered; indeed, in a railway smash the British oak usually either stands the shock without flinching, or, if it *does* give, shivers into atoms. Barring, however, accidents, a luggage-truck or wagon will last about twelve years.

Among the company's goods-carriages we observed eight powder-magazines, constructed under a patent invention of the superintendent, Mr. Henson. They were covered outside with sheet-iron, lined with wood, had leaden floors, and the axles were cased with hornbeam to prevent vibration. With these precautions they each safely convey  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons of gunpowder through and over the sparks of fire and red-hot coals that are continually, during the progress of a train, flying from the funnel-pipe or dropping from the furnace of the engine.

As soon as a luggage-train has been unloaded at Camden station all the wheels of the wagons are gauged to see that there are no bent axles, and that none of the "journals," or working ends of the axles, have been heated, for they sometimes get red-hot; and we may here remark, that under heavy loads the tremendous vibration of the axles of goods-carriages during their journeys materially alters the composition of the iron, and that when the axles have once been red-hot, although after cooling they are as strong as ever, they are always particularly liable to get red-hot again, and the brass boxes amalgamating with the iron, the ends of the largest axles are occasionally wrenched off as one would break a carrot. The luggage-wagons are minutely inspected on arriving and on departing from Camden, Wolverton, and Rugby; besides which the guard hastily examines them at every station, where they are also greased if required.

*The Pointsmen.*—Among the servants of a railway company, or rather we should say of the public, there is no one who, in his secluded station, has more important duties to attend to than "the pointsman," in charge of the switches for diverting a train from one set of rails to another. As it is of course necessary that these switches should be carefully worked and guarded by night as well as by day, there are usually appointed to each station two pointsmen, each of whom remains on duty twelve hours at a time, taking the night and day work week about. At Camden station one of these men has fourteen switches to attend to, and at Wolverton thirteen pairs. At the latter place, to prevent intrusion and to increase precaution, the pointsman has always the signal of danger on, but on perceiving an up-train about a mile off, he shows a

green flag to the station signal-man, and does not avert that of danger until he has received answer that "all is right." In thick weather he himself works a subterranean auxiliary signal 500 yards off, showing lamps of different colors. In a fog, to prevent any train running into the station, a man is sent down the line about a mile, to affix upon the rails, every 200 yards, one of Toy and Hansom's patent fog-signals, which, exploding under the engine with the report of a small cannon, warn the driver to stop and remain where he is, until some one comes to give him orders. At Crews station, from whence radiate three important lines of rails, namely, on the right to Manchester, straight on to Liverpool, and on the left to Chester, there are constantly on duty three pointsmen, one of whom has seventeen pairs of points to attend to, namely, five belonging to the Chester line, one to the Liverpool, eleven to the workshops. His box stands between the Liverpool and Chester lines.

Nothing can apparently be more cheerless than the existence of these poor fellows, who, cut off from society, in all weathers and in all seasons have, in solitude, to perform duties for which no passing traveller ever thanks them, and which he probably does not even know that they perform. It is, however, providentially decreed that the human heart warms under almost every description of responsibility; and, accordingly we invariably found these pointsmen not only contented, but apparently intently interested in their important duties; indeed, the flowers which we observed blooming around their little wooden habitations were not, we felt, inappropriate emblems of the happiness which naturally springs up in the heart of every man who will honestly perform the duties of his station. The company's pointsmen have nominally not very high wages;—a gratuity, however, every twelve months is given to them, provided they cause no accident; but should one occur from their switches, no matter how small, they forfeit it—an arrangement, we think, very cleverly conceived.

**WOLVERTON.**—Flying by rail through green fields below Harrow Hill and thence to Watford—stopping for a moment in a deep cutting to hear a man cry "*Tring!*" and a bell say "*Ring!*" until the passenger gets so confused with the paltry squabble that he scarcely knows which of the two competitors is vociferating the substantive and which the verb—we will now conduct our readers to the station and little town of Wolverton.

As every city, village, or hamlet on the surface of the globe is usually inhabited by people of peculiar opinions, professions, character, tastes, fashions, follies, whims, and oddities, so there is always to be witnessed a corresponding variety in the allinement and architecture of their dwellings—the forms and excrecences of each often giving to the passing traveller a sort of phrenological insight into the character of the inmates. One street, inhabited by poor people, is as crooked as if it had been traced out by the drunken Irishman who, on being kindly questioned, in a very narrow lane across which he was reeling, as to the length of

road he had travelled, replied, "*Faith! it's not so much the length of it as the BREADTH of it that has tired me!*" Another—a rich street—is quite straight. Here is a palace—there are hovels. The hotel is of one shape—the stock-exchange of another. There are private houses of every form—shops of every color—columns, steeples, fountains, obelisks *ad infinitum*. Conspicuous over one door there is to be seen a golden pestle and mortar—from another boldly projects a barber's pole—a hatchment decorates a third—the royal arms a fourth—in short, it would be endless to enumerate the circumstantial evidence which in every direction proves the truth of the old saying, "*Many men, many minds.*"

To all general rules, however, there are exceptions; and certainly it would be impossible for our most popular auctioneer, if he wished ever so much to puff off the appearance of Wolverton, to say more of it than that it is a little red-brick town composed of 242 little red-brick houses—all running either this way or that way at right angles—two tall red-brick engine-chimneys, a number of very large red-brick workshops, six red houses for officers—one red beer-shop, two red public-houses, and, we are glad to add, a substantial red school-room and a neat red-brick church, the whole lately built by order of a railway board, at a railway station, by a railway contractor, for railway men, railway women, and railway children; in short, the round cast-iron plate over the door of every house, bearing the letters L. N. W. R., is the generic symbol of the town. The population is 1405, of whom 638 are below sixteen years of age. All look for support to "the company," and not only their services and their thoughts but their parts of speech are more or less devoted to it:—for instance, the pronoun "*she*" almost invariably alludes to some locomotive engine; "*he*" to "the chairman;" "*it*" to the London Board. At Wolverton the progress of time itself is marked by the hissing of the various arrival and departure trains. The driver's wife, with a sleeping infant at her side, lies watchful in her bed until she has blessed the passing whistle of "the down mail." With equal anxiety her daughter long before daylight listens for the rumbling of "the 3½ A.M. goods up," on the tender of which lives the ruddy but smutty-faced young fireman to whom she is engaged. The blacksmith as he plies at his anvil—the turner as he works at his lathe, as well as their children at school, listen with pleasure to certain well-known sounds on the rails which tell them of approaching rest.

The workshops at Wolverton, taken altogether, form, generally speaking, an immense hospital or "*Hôtel des Invalides*" for the sick and wounded locomotive engines of the Southern District. We witnessed sixty of them undergoing various operations, more or less severe, at the same time. Among them was Crampton's new six-wheel engine, the hind wheels of which are eight feet high, weighing thirty-eight tons, and with its tender sixty tons. It is capable of drawing at the usual

speed twelve carriages laden with passengers. The workshops at this station are so extensive, that it would be tedious and indeed almost impracticable to describe them in detail; we will therefore merely mention that in one of them we saw working at once by the power of an 18-horse steam-engine twelve turning-lathes, five planing-machines, three slotting-machines, two screw-bolt ditto—and, as a trifling example of the undeviating accuracy with which these contrivances work, we may state that from a turning-lathe a shaving from cold iron will sometimes continue to flow for forty feet without breaking. There are a large cast-iron foundry, a brass foundry, machines for grinding, and also for polishing; sheers for cutting, and stamps for punching cold iron as if it were pasteboard; an immense oven for heating tires of wheels; a smith's shop containing twenty-four forges, all of which were in operation at once. Two steam-engines—one for machinery, the other for pumping water for the town and offices only, for the company's well-water here, as at Camden station, disagrees with the locomotives. A large finishing store, in which were working by steam fifteen turning-lathes, five slotting machines, five planing ditto, one screwing ditto, two drilling ditto, two shaving ditto. Beneath the above we entered another workshop containing sixteen turning-lathes, two drilling-machines, one slotting ditto, one screwing ditto, one nut ditto, one cylinder-boring ditto, one shaping ditto. In the great store-yard there is an hydraulic press of a power of 200 tons for squeezing wheels on to their axles, or wrenching them off. Another workshop is filled with engines undergoing repair, and adjoining it there is a large store or pharmacopœia, containing, in the form of oil, tallow, nuts, bars, bolts, &c., all the medicine which sick locomotives occasionally require.

At a short distance towards the south we entered a beautiful building, lighted during the day by plate-glass in the roof, by gas at night, and warmed by steam. In its centre there stands a narrow elevated platform, whereon travels a small locomotive, which brings into the building, and deposits on thirteen sets of rails on each side, twenty-six locomotive engines for examination and repair. On the outside, in the open air, we found at work what is called "*a scrap-drum*," which by revolving cleans scraps of old rusty iron, just as a public school improves awkward boys by hardly rubbing them one against another. The scrap iron, after having been by this discipline divested of its rust, is piled on a small wooden board for further schooling, and when sufficiently hot the glowing mass is placed under a steam-hammer alongside, whose blows, each equal to about ten tons, very shortly belabor to "equality and fraternity" the broken bolts, bars, nuts, nails, screw-pins, bits of plate-iron, &c., which are thus economically welded into a solid mass or commonwealth. In another smelting-shop, 150 feet in length, we saw at work fourteen forges, six turning-lathes, one drilling-machine, and one iron-shaving machine. Lastly, there are gas-works for supplying the whole of the com-

pany's establishment with about seventy or eighty thousand cubic feet of gas per day.

The above is but a faint outline of the company's hospital at Wolverton for the repair and maintenance merely of their locomotive engines running between London and Birmingham.

The magnitude of the establishment will best speak for itself; but as our readers, like ourselves, are no doubt tired almost to death of the clanking of anvils—of the whizzing of machinery—of the disagreeable noises created by the cutting, shaving, turning and planing of iron—of the suffocating fumes in the brass-foundry, in the smelting-houses, in the gas-works—and lastly of the stunning blows of the great steam-hammer—we beg leave to offer them a cup of black tea at the company's public refreshment-room, in order that, while they are blowing, sipping, and enjoying the beverage, we may briefly explain to them the nature of this beautiful little oasis in the desert.

*Wolverton Refreshment-Room.*—In dealing with the British nation, it is an axiom among those who have most deeply studied our noble character, that to keep John Bull in beaming good-humor it is absolutely necessary to keep him always *quite full*. The operation is very delicately called "*refreshing him*," and the London and North-Western Railway Company having, as in duty bound, made due arrangements for affording him, once in about every two hours, this support, their arrangements not only constitute a curious feature in the history of railway management, but the *dramatis personæ* we are about to introduce form, we think, rather a strange contrast to the bare arms, muscular frames, heated brows, and begrimed faces of the sturdy workmen we have just left.

The refreshment establishment at Wolverton is composed of—

1. A matron or generallissima.
  2. Seven very young ladies to wait upon the passengers.
  3. Four men and three boys *do. do.*
  4. One man-cook, his kitchen-maid, and his two scullery-maids.
  5. Two housemaids.
  6. One still-room-maid, employed solely in the liquid duty of making tea and coffee.
  7. Two laundry-maids.
  8. One baker and one baker's-boy.
  9. One garden-boy.
- And lastly what is most significantly described in the books of the establishment—
10. "An odd-man."

*Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.*

There are also eighty-five pigs and piglings, of whom hereafter.

The manner in which the above list of persons, in the routine of their duty, diurnally revolve in "*the scrap-drum*" of their worthy matron, is as follows:—Very early in the morning—in cold winter long before sunrise—"the odd-man" wakens the two housemaids, to one of whom is intrusted the confidential duty of awakening the seven young



ladies exactly at seven o'clock, in order that their "première toilette" may be concluded in time for them to receive the passengers of the first train, which reaches Wolverton at 7h. 30m. A. M. From that time until the departure of the passengers by the York mail train, which arrives opposite to the refreshment-room at about eleven o'clock at night, these young persons remain on duty, continually vibrating, at the ringing of a bell, across the rails—(they have a covered passage high above them, but they never use it)—from the north refreshment-room for down passengers to the south refreshment-room constructed for hungry up-ones. By about midnight, after having philosophically divested themselves of the various little bustles of the day, they all are enabled once again to lay their heads on their pillows, with the exception of one, who in her turn, assisted by one man and one boy of the establishment, remains on duty receiving the money, &c., till four in the morning for the up-mail. The young person, however, who in her weekly turn performs this extra task, instead of rising with the others at seven, is allowed to sleep on till noon, when she is expected to take her place behind the long table with the rest.

The scene in the refreshment-room at Wolverton, on the arrival of every train, has so often been witnessed by our readers, that it need hardly be described. As these youthful handmaidens stand in a row behind bright silver urns, silver coffee-pots, silver tea-pots, cups, saucers, cakes, sugar, milk, with other delicacies over which they preside, the confused crowd of passengers simultaneously liberated from the train hurry towards them with a velocity exactly proportionate to their appetites. The hungriest face first enters the door, "magnâ comitante catervâ," followed by a crowd very much resembling in eagerness and joyous independence the rush at the prorogation of parliament of a certain body following their leader from one house to the bar of what they mysteriously call "another place." Considering that the row of young persons have among them all only seven or eight hands, with but very little fingers at the end of each, it is really astonishing how, with such slender assistance, they can in the short space of a few minutes manage to extend and withdraw them so often—sometimes to give a cup of tea—sometimes to receive half-a-crown, of which they have to return two shillings—then to give an old gentleman a plate of warm soup—then to drop another lump of sugar into his nephew's coffee-cup—then to receive a penny for a bun, and then again three-pence for four "lady's fingers." It is their rule as well as their desire never, if they can possibly prevent it, to speak to any one; and although sometimes, when thunder has turned the milk, or the kitchen-maid over-peppered the soup, it may occasionally be necessary to soothe the fastidious complaints of some beardless ensign by an infinitesimal appeal to the generous feelings of his nature—we mean, by the hundred-thousandth part of a smile—yet they endeavor on no account ever to exceed that harmless dose. But while they are

thus occupied at the centre of the refreshment-table, at its two ends, each close to a warm stove, a very plain matter-of-fact business is going on, which consists of the rapid uncorking of, and then emptying into large tumblers, innumerable black bottles of what is not unappropriately called "*Stout*," inasmuch as all the persons who are drinking the dark foaming mixture wear heavy great-coats, with large wrappers round their necks—in fact, are *very stout*. We regret to have to add, that among these thirsty customers are to be seen, quite in the corner, several silently tossing off glasses of brandy, rum, and gin; and although the refreshment-room of the Wolverton station is not adapted for a lecture, we cannot help submitting to the managers of the company, that considering not only the serious accidents that may occur to individual passengers from intoxication, but the violence and insolence which drunken men may inflict upon travellers of both sexes, whose misfortune it may be to be shut up with them; considering, moreover, the ruin which a glass or two of brandy may bring upon a young non-commissioned officer in the army, as also the heavy punishment it may entail upon an old soldier, it would be well for them peremptorily to forbid, at all their refreshment-rooms, the sale by any of their servants, to the public, of ardent spirits.

But the bell is violently calling the passengers to "Come, come away!"—and as they have all paid their fares, and the engine is loudly hissing—attracted by their pockets as well as by their engagements, they soon, like the swallows of summer, congregate together and then fly away.

It appears from the books that the annual consumption at the Wolverton refreshment-rooms averages—

182,500	Banbury cakes.	5,110	lbs. of moist sugar.
56,940	Queen cakes.	16,425	quarts of milk.
29,200	patés.	1,095	" cream.
36,500	lbs. of flour.	17,520	bottles of lemonade.
13,140	" butter.	35,040	" soda-water.
2,920	" coffee.	70,080	" stout.
43,800	" meat.	35,040	" ale.
5,110	" currants	17,520	" ginger-beer.
1,277	" tea.	730	" port.
5,840	" loaf sugar.	3,650	" sherry.

And, we regret to add,

730	bottles of gin.
731	bottles of rum.
3,660	bottles of brandy.

To the eatables are to be added, or driven, the 85 pigs, who, after having been from their birth most kindly treated and most luxuriously fed, are impartially promoted, by seniority, one after another, into an infinite number of pork pies.

Having, in the refreshment sketch which we have just concluded, partially detailed, at some length, the duties of the seven young persons at Wolverton, we feel it due to them, as well as to those of our readers who, we perceive, have not yet quite finished their tea, by a very few words to complete their history. It is never considered quite fair to pry into the private conduct of any one who performs his duty to the public with zeal and assiduity. The warrior and the statesman are not always immaculate; and although at the opera

ladies certainly sing very high, and in the ballet kick very high, it is possible that their voices and feet may sometimes reach rather higher than their characters. Considering, then, the difficult duties which our seven young attendants have to perform—considering the temptations to which they are constantly exposed, in offering to the public attentions which are ever to simmer and yet never to boil—it might be expected that our inquiries should considerably go no further than the arrival at 11 p. m. of “the up York mail.” The excellent matron, however, who has charge of these young people—who always dine and live at her table—with honest pride declares, that the breath of slander has never ventured to sully the reputation of any of those who have been committed to her charge; and as this testimony is corroborated by persons residing in the neighborhood and very capable of observation, we cannot take leave of the establishment without expressing our approbation of the good sense and attention with which it is conducted; and while we give credit to the young for the character they have maintained, we hope they will be gratefully sensible of the protection they have received.

*Postscript.*—We quite forgot to mention that, notwithstanding the everlasting hurry at this establishment, four of the young attendants have managed to make excellent marriages, and are now very well off in the world.

*Gardens, Libraries, and Schools.*—Before leaving Wolverton station our readers will no doubt be desirous to ascertain what arrangements, if any, are made by the company for the comfort, education, and religious instruction of the number of artificers and other servants whom we have lately seen hard at work. On the western boundary of the town we visited 130 plots of ground, containing about 324 square yards each, which are let by the company at a very trifling rent to those who wish for a garden; and, accordingly, whenever one of these plots is given up, it is leased to him whose name stands first on the list of applicants. A reading-room and library lighted by gas are also supplied free of charge by the company. In the latter there are about 700 volumes, which have mostly been given; and the list of papers, &c., in the reading-room was as follows:—Times, Daily News, Bell's Life, Illustrated News, Punch, Weekly Dispatch, Liverpool Albion, Glasgow Post, Railway Record, *Airs' Birmingham Gazette*, Bentley's Miscellany, Chambers' Information, Chambers' Journal, Chambers' Shilling Volume, Practical Mechanic's Journal, Mechanic's Magazine.

Besides the above, there is a flying library of about 600 volumes for the clerks, porters, police, as also for their wives and families, residing at the various stations, consisting of books of all kinds, excepting on politics and on religious controversies. They are despatched to the various stations, carriage free, in nineteen boxes, given by the company, each of which can contain from twenty to fifty volumes. For the education of the chil-

dren of the company's servants, a school-house, which we had much pleasure in visiting, has been constructed on a healthy eminence, surrounded by a small court and garden. In the centre there is a room for girls, who from nine till five are instructed by a governess in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and needlework. Engaged at these occupations, we counted fifty-five clean healthy faces. In the east wing we found about ninety fine, stout, athletic boys, of various ages, employed in the studies above mentioned, (excepting the last,) and learning, moreover, mathematics and drawing. One boy we saw solving a quadratic equation—another was engaged with Euclid—others were studying land-surveying, levelling, trigonometry, and one had reached conic sections.

At the western extremity of the building, on entering the infant-school, which is under the superintendence of an intelligent-looking young person of about nineteen years of age, we were struck by the regular segments in which the little creatures were standing in groups around a tiny monitor occupying the centre of each chord. We soon, however, detected that this regularity of their attitudes was caused by the insertion in the floor of various chords of hoop iron, the outer rims of which they all touched with their toes. A finer set of little children we have seldom beheld; but what particularly attracted our attention was three rows of beautiful babies, sitting as solemn as judges on three steps, one above another, the lowest being a step higher than the floor of the room. They were learning the first hard lesson of this world—namely, to sit still; and certainly the occupation seemed to be particularly well adapted to their outlines; indeed their pinafores were so round, and their cheeks so red, that altogether they resembled three rows of white dumpplings, with a rosy-faced apple on each. The picture was most interesting; and we studied their cheerful features until we almost fancied that we could analyze and distinguish which were little fire-flies—which small stokers—tiny pokers—infant artificers, &c.

On leaving the three rooms-full of children, to whom, whatever may be the religion of their parents, the rector, the Rev. G. Weight, is apparently devoting very praiseworthy attention, we proceeded eastward about 100 yards to the church, the interior of which is appropriately fitted up with plain oak-colored open seats, all alike. In the churchyard, which is of very considerable area, there are, under the north wall, a row of fraternal mounds side by side, with a solitary shrub or a few flowers at the foot of each, showing that those who had there reached their earthly terminus were kindly recollected by a few still travelling on the rails of life. With the exception, however, of the grave of one poor fellow, whose death under amputation, rendered necessary from severe fractures, has been commemorated on a tombstone by his comrades, there exists no other epitaph. Besides this church, a room in the library is used, when

required, as a Wesleyan Chapel; at which on Sundays there are regular preachers both morning and night—and on Tuesdays and Fridays about 100 of the company's servants attend extempore prayers by one of their brother artificers.

*Letters and Newspapers.*—Among the manifold arrangements which characterize the interior of the British hive, there is, we believe, no one which offers to an intelligent observer a more important moral than the respect which is everywhere paid by us to the correspondence of the nation. Prior to the introduction of railways our post-office establishment was the admiration of every foreigner who visited us. But although our light mail-coaches, high-bred horses, glittering harness, skilful coachmen, resolute guards, and macadamized roads, were undeniably of the very best description, yet the moral basis on which the whole fabric rested, or rather the power which gave vitality to its movements, evidently was a patriotic desire indigenous in the minds of the people of all classes to protect, as their common wealth, the correspondence of the country; and accordingly it mattered not whether on our public thoroughfares were to be seen a butcher's cart, a brewer's dray, a bishop's coach, a nobleman's landau, the squire's chariot, or his tenant's wagon; it mattered not what quantity of vehicles were assembled for purposes good, bad, or indifferent, for church, for race-course, or for theatre; it mattered not for what party of pleasure or for what political purpose a crowd or a mob might have assembled; for, at a single blast through a long tin horn, people of all ranks and conditions, however they might be disposed to dispute on all other subjects, were ready from all quarters to join together in exclaiming "MAKE WAY FOR THE MAIL!"

At the magic whistle of the locomotive engine the whole of the extremely slow, dull, little-bag system we have just referred to, suddenly fell to pieces. Nevertheless, the spirit that had animated it flew from the road to the rails, and although our penny-postal arrangements, notwithstanding their rapid growth, are less conspicuous, there exists throughout the country the same honest anxiety that our letter-bags should be circulated over the surface of the United Kingdom with the utmost possible care and despatch. In order, however, to fulfil this general desire, the duties which our postmaster-general is now required to perform are most extraordinary.

The difficulty of transmitting from London to every part of the United Kingdom, and *vice versa*, the innumerable quantity of letters which, like mushrooms springing up from a bed of spawn, have arisen from our sudden adoption of a penny-postage, would alone require minute calculations, involving an infinity of details; but when it is considered that besides this circulation from and to the heart of the metropolis—(the average weight of letters and newspapers carried daily by the London and North-Western Railway is seventeen tons)—there exists simultaneously a cross circulation, not only from and to every great city and

town, but from every little post-office to every part of the United Kingdom, and *vice versa*, and moreover to every region on the globe, the eccentric zig-zag courses of all these letters to their respective destinations may justly be compared to the fiery tracks and sparks created by the sudden ignition of a sackful of fireworks of all descriptions; of rockets, Catherine wheels, Roman candles, squibs, stars, crackers, flower-pots, some flying straight away, while others are revolving, twisting, radiating, bouncing, exploding in every possible direction and in all ways at once.

To explain the mode in which all our postal arrangements are conducted would not only exceed our limits, but be foreign to our subject; we will therefore only attempt to supply our readers with a slight sketch of a very small portion of this business, namely, the transmission of letters from the metropolis by the London and North-Western Railway's night mail.

While the passengers by the Lancashire mail-train are taking their seats and making other preparations for their departure, two or three post-office vans are seen to enter the main carriage-gate of the Euston station, and then to drive close to their tenders on the railway, which form the last carriages of the train. The servants of the post-office, rapidly unloading their vans, remove a portion of the bags they contained into the travelling-office and the remainder into two large tenders, which, as soon as they are filled, are locked up by the guard, who then takes his place in the flying-office, in which we propose to leave him to his flight for 132½ miles—only observing, however, that no sooner has he started than another flying post-office, which had been lying in ambush, advances, (with its tender,) and, after being loaded in a similar manner, in a quarter of an hour they are despatched to Yorkshire and the East of Scotland.

It had been raining for upwards of twenty-four hours, and it was still pouring, when, at about half-past one o'clock of a dark winter's night, we reached the railway platform at Stafford, to await there the arrival from Euston station of the night-mail, whose loading and departure we have just described. At that lonely hour, excepting a scarlet-coated guard, who, watching over a pile of letter-bags just arrived from Birmingham by a branch-train, was also waiting for the down-mail, there were no other passengers on the platform; and save the unceasing pattering of the rain there appeared nothing to attract the attention but the glaring lamps of three or four servants of the company. One with his lantern in his left hand was writing in a small memorandum-book placed on a desk before him. Two others with lights suspended round their necks were greasing the axles of some carriage whose form could not be distinguished, while the station-man on duty with his lamp in his hand was pacing up and down the boarded platform. At this moment the signal-man had scarcely announced the approach of an



up-train when there rapidly rushed by a very long, low, dark, solid mass, protected by some sort of wet, black-looking covering which here and there glistened as it rolled past the four lamps that were turned towards it; in short, it was a common luggage-train. The whole line of wagons, their various contents, as well as the powerful puffing engine that was dragging them through utter darkness, were all inanimate; and it was almost appalling to reflect that, in case of any accident to the drivers, the great train with two red eyes shining in front as well as in rear would proceed alone on its dark iron path—lifeless—senseless—reckless of human life—unconscious of the agonies it might cause or the mischief it might create. It was the work of man—and yet it was ignorant of his power, or even of his name. Devoid of reason or of instinct, it knew nothing—saw nothing—heard nothing—loved nothing—hated nothing—cared for nothing—had no pleasures—no pains—nothing to fear—nothing to hope for; it knew not whence it came—it rushed forwards it knew not why—to go it knew not where; it had substance, it had motion, it produced loud sounds, and yet it was as lonely and as destitute of life as the heavens and the earth when in chaos they were without form and void, and when darkness was upon the face of the deep! But these reflections were agreeably interrupted by the arrival of a down-train, swarming alive with passengers, whose busy feet were very shortly to be heard trampling in all directions along or across the platform. At the same time the conductor of the train was delivering over to the post-office guard, who had so patiently been awaiting their arrival, a quantity of leather bags of all sizes—white, brown, or black, according to their ages—and which remained in a large heap on the platform, until in about eight minutes the signal-bell announced first the approach and then the arrival of “the down London mail.” As soon as this train, which we had been awaiting, stopped, the door of the flying post-office was opened, and the bags which had been lying on the platform were no sooner packed either into it or into its tender behind, than the engine-driver’s whistle announcing the departure of the train, we without delay presented an order which we had obtained to travel in the post-office from Stafford to Crewe, and we were scarcely seated in a corner on some letter-bags to witness the operations of its inmates, when the train started and away we went!

*The Flying Post-Office.*—This office, which every evening flies away from London to Glasgow, and wherein government clerks are busily employed in receiving, delivering, and sorting letters all the way, is a narrow carpeted room, twenty-one feet in length by about seven in breadth, lighted by four large reflecting lamps inserted in the roof, and by another in a corner for the guard. Along about two thirds of the length of this chamber there is affixed to the side wall a narrow table, or counter, covered with green cloth, beneath which various letter-bags are stowed away, and above

which the space up to the roof is divided into six shelves fourteen feet in length, each containing thirty-five pigeon-holes of about the size of the little compartments in a dove-cote. At this table, and immediately fronting these pigeon-holes, there were standing as we flew along, three post-office clerks intently occupied in snatching up from the green-cloth counter, and in dexterously inserting into the various pigeon-holes, a mass of letters which lay before them, and which, when exhausted, were instantly replaced from bags which the senior clerk cut open, and which the guard who had presented them then shook out for assortment. On the right of the chief clerk the remaining one third of the carriage was filled nearly to the roof with letter-bags of all sorts and sizes, and which an able-bodied post-office guard, dressed in his shirt-sleeves and laced waistcoat, was hauling at and adjusting according to their respective brass-labels. At this laborious occupation the clerks continue standing for about four hours and a half; that is to say, the first set sort letters from London to Tamworth, the second from Tamworth to Preston, the third from Preston to Carlisle, and the fourth letters from Carlisle to Glasgow. The clerks employed in this duty do not permanently reside at any of the above stations, but are usually removed from one to the other every three months.

As we sat reclining and ruminating in the corner, the scene was as interesting as it was extraordinary. In consequence of the rapid rate at which we were travelling, the bags which were hanging from the thirty brass pegs on the sides of the office had a tremulous motion, which at every jerk of the train was changed for a moment or two into a slight rolling or pendulous movement, like towels, &c., hanging in a cabin at sea. While the guard’s face, besides glistening with perspiration, was—from the labor of stooping and hauling at large letter-bags—as red as his scarlet coat which was hanging before the wall on a little peg, until at last his cheeks appeared as if they were shining at the lamp immediately above them almost as ruddily as the lamp shone upon them—the three clerks were actively moving their right hands in all directions, working vertically with the same dexterity with which compositors in a printing-office horizontally restore their type into the various small compartments to which each letter belongs. Sometimes a clerk was seen to throw into various pigeon-holes a batch of mourning-letters, all directed in the same handwriting, and evidently announcing some death; then one or two registered letters wrapped in green covers. For some time another clerk was solely employed in stuffing into bags newspapers for various destinations. Occasionally the guard, leaving his bags, was seen to poke his burly head out of a large window behind him into pitch darkness, enlivened by the occasional passage of bright sparks from the funnel-pipe of the engine, to ascertain by the flashing of the lamps as he passed them, the precise moment of the train clearing certain stations,

in order that he might record it in his "time-bill." Then again a strong smell of burning sealing-wax announced that he was sealing up and stamping with the post-office seal, bags, three or four of which he then firmly strapped together for delivery. All of a sudden, the flying chamber received a hard, sharp blow, which resounded exactly as if a cannon-shot had struck it. This noise, however, merely announced that a station-post we were at that moment passing, but which was already far behind us, had just been safely delivered of four leather letter-bags, which on putting our head out of the window we saw quietly lying in the far end of a large, strong iron-bound sort of landing-net or cradle, which the guard a few minutes before had by a simple movement lowered on purpose to receive them. But not only had we received four bags, but at the same moment, and apparently by the same blow, we had, as we flew by, dropped at the same station three bags which a post-office authority had been waiting there to receive. The blow that the pendent bag of letters, moving at the rate say of forty miles an hour, receives in being suddenly snatched away, must be rather greater than that which the flying one receives on being suddenly at that rate dropped on the road. Both operations, however, are effected by a projecting apparatus from the flying post-office coming suddenly into contact with that protruding from the post.

As fast as the clerks could fill the pigeon-holes before them, the letters were quickly taken therefrom, tied up into a bundle, and then by the guard deposited into the leather bag to which they belonged. On very closely observing the clerks as they worked, we discovered that instead of sorting their letters into the pigeon-holes according to their superscriptions, they placed them into compartments of their own arrangement, and which were only correctly labelled in their own minds; but as every clerk is held answerable for the accuracy of his assortment, he is very properly allowed to execute it in whatever way may be most convenient to his mind or hand.

Besides lame writing and awkward spelling, it was curious to observe what a quantity of irrelevant nonsense is superscribed upon many letters, as if the writer's object was purposely to conceal from the sorting clerk the only fact he ever cares to ascertain, namely, *the post town*. Their patience and intelligence, however, are really beyond all praise; and although sometimes they stand for eight or ten seconds holding a letter close to their lamp, turning sometimes their head and then it, yet it rarely happens that they fail to decipher it. In opening one bag, a lady's pasteboard work-box appeared all in shivers. It had been packed in the thinnest description of whity-brown paper. The clerk spent nearly two minutes in searching among the fragments for the direction, which he at last discovered in very pale ink, written apparently through a microscope with the point of a needle. The letters sorted in the flying post-office are, excepting a few "late letters," principally cross-post letters, which, although packed into one bag, are for various local-

ities. For instance, at Stafford, the mail takes up a bag made up for Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and intermediate places, the letters for which, being intermixed, are sorted by the way, and left at the several stations.

The bags have also to be stowed away in compartments according to their respective destinations. One lot for Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin; one for Chester; a bundle of bags for Newcastle-under-Lyne, Market-Drayton, Eccleshall, Stone, Crewe, Rhuabon; a quantity of empty bags to be filled coming back; a lot for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Carlisle; and one great open bag contained all the letter-bags for Dublin taken upon the road.

The minute arrangements necessary for the transaction of all this important business at midnight, while the train is flying through the dark, it would be quite impossible to describe. The occupation is not only highly confidential, but it requires unceasing attention, exhausting to body and mind. Some time ago, while the three clerks, with their right elbows moving in all directions, were vigorously engaged in sorting their letters, and while the guard, with the light of his lamp shining on the gilt buttons and gold lace which emblazoned the pockets of his waistcoat, was busily sealing a letter-bag, a collision took place, which, besides killing four men, at the same moment chucked the sorting clerks from their pigeon-holes to the letter-bags in the guard's compartment. In due time the chief clerk recovered from the shock; but what had happened—why he was lying on the letter-bags—why nobody was sorting—until he recovered from his stupor he could not imagine!

CREWE.—We have now reached the most important station on the London and North-Western Railway; indeed, the works here are on a scale which strikingly exemplifies the magnitude of the arrangements necessary for the maintenance of an arterial railway.

The company's workshops at Crewe consist of a locomotive and a coach department. In the manufactories of the former are constructed as well as repaired the whole of the engines and tenders required for the northern division, namely, from Birmingham to Liverpool; Rugby to Stafford; Crewe to Holyhead; Liverpool to Manchester; Liverpool, Manchester, and Warrington to Preston; Preston to Carlisle. The total number of miles is at present 360, but the distance of course increases with the completion of every new branch line. In this division there are 220 engines and tenders, (each averaging in value nearly £2000,) of which at least 100 are at work every day. Besides repairing all these, the establishment has turned out a new engine and tender on every Monday morning since the 1st of January, 1848. The number of workmen employed in the above department is 1600, their wages averaging £3800 a fortnight. The accounts of these expenses, as also a book of "casualties," in which every accident to, as well as every delay of, a train is reported, are examined once a fortnight by a special committee of directors.

Without attempting to detail the various estab-

ishments, we will briefly describe a few of their most interesting features.

Close to the entrance of the locomotive department stands as its *primum mobile* the tall chimney of a steam-pump, which, besides supplying the engine that propels the machinery of the workshops, gives an abundance of water to the locomotives at the station, as also to the new railway town of Crewe, containing at present about 8000 inhabitants. This pump lifts about eighty or ninety thousand gallons of water per day from a brook below into filtering beds, whence it is again raised about forty feet into a large cistern, where it is a second time filtered through charcoal for the supply of the town. On entering the great gate of the department, the office of which is up a small staircase on the left hand, the first object of attention is the great engine-stable into which the hot dusty locomotives are conducted after their journeys to be cleaned, examined, repaired, or if sound to be greased and otherwise prepared for their departure—the last operation being to get up their steam, which is here effected by coal, instead of coke, in about two hours. After passing through a workshop containing thirty-four planing and slotting machines in busy but almost silent operation, we entered a smith's shop, 260 feet long, containing forty forges all at work. At several of the anvils there were three and sometimes four strikers, and the quantity of sparks that more or less were exploding from each—the number of sledge-hammers revolving in the air, with the sinewy frames, bare throats and arms of the fine pale men who wielded them, formed altogether a scene well worthy of a few moments' contemplation. As the heavy work of the department is principally executed in this shop, in which iron is first enlisted and then rather roughly drilled into the service of the company, it might be conceived that the music of the forty anvils at work would altogether be rather noisy in concert. The grave itself, however, could scarcely be more silent than this workshop, in comparison with the one that adjoins it, in which the boilers of the locomotives are constructed. As for asking questions of, or receiving explanations from, the guide, who with motionless lips conducts the stranger through this chamber, such an effort would be utterly hopeless, for the deafening noise proceeding from the riveting of the bolts and plates of so many boilers is distracting beyond description. We almost fancied that the workmen must be aware of this effect upon a stranger, and that on seeing us enter they therefore welcomed our visit by a charivari sufficient to awaken the dead. As we hurried through the din we could not, however, help pausing for a moment before a boiler of copper inside and iron outside, within which there sat crouched up—like a negro between the decks of a slave-ship—an intelligent-looking workman holding with both hands a hammer against a bolt, on the upper end of which, within a few inches of his ears, two lusty comrades on the outside were hammering with surprising strength and quickness. The

noise which reverberated within this boiler, in addition to that which was resounding without, formed altogether a dose which it is astonishing the tympanum of the human ear can receive uninjured; at all events we could not help thinking that if there should happen to exist on earth any man ungallant enough to complain of the occasional admonition of a female tongue, if he will only go by rail to Crewe and sit in that boiler for half an hour, he will most surely never again complain of that "cricket on his hearth"—the whispering curtain lectures of his *dulce domum*. The adjoining shop contains a brass and also an iron foundry, in which were at work seven brass-moulders and five iron-moulders. In the corner of this room we stood for a few moments looking over the head and shoulders of a fine little boy, who was practically exemplifying the properties of the most wonderful of the mineral productions of nature—the loadstone. Among the mass brought into this workshop to be recast are occasionally a quantity of brass shavings and other sweepings, among which there is a small proportion of iron filings, &c. The little boy's occupation consisted in constantly stirring up the mass or mess before him with a magnet, which, as often as it came out bristling with resplendent particles of iron of various sizes, he swept clean, and then continued his work until the investigator came out of the heap as clear of iron as it went in. Close to this shop is one in which the models and patterns of the castings are constructed. From a spacious open yard covered with stacks of old scrap-iron, much of which was of the size of common buttons, a door opens into a large shop containing twelve forges solely used for the construction of engine-wheels, which are forced on as well as off their axles by an ingenious machine of extraordinary power. Adjoining the open yard we saw in operation Nasmyth's great steam-hammer, on the summit of which there sat perched up a man who could regulate its blow from say twenty-five tons, to a little tap sufficient only to drive a common-sized nail. As soon as the furnace-door on one side of this hammer was opened, a large lump of scrap iron at a white heat was lifted and then conducted by a crane on to the anvil beneath. At the same moment from an opposite furnace a long iron bar, heated only at one extremity, was by a gentle blow of the hammer no sooner welded to the mass than the head smith, using it as a handle, turned and re-turned the lump on the anvil so as to enable the steam-hammer to weld its contents into proper form. Of course there has been selected for this extremely heavy work the strongest man that could be obtained. He is of about the height and bulk of the celebrated Italian singer Signor Lablache, with apparently the strength of Hercules, or rather of Vulcan himself—and certainly nothing could be a finer display of muscular power than the various attitudes which this heavy man assumed, as, regardless of the sparks which flew at him, or of the white heat of the lump of iron he was forging, he turned it on one side and



then on the other, until at a given signal a small smith in attendance placed a sort of heavy chisel on the iron handle, which by a single blow of the hammer was at once severed from it, in order that it might be piled away and another mass lifted from the fiery furnace to the anvil.

Close to this Cyclopean scene there is a shop solely for turning wheels and axles, which, brought here rough from the smiths' forges we have described, never leave this place until they are ready to go under the engine for which they have been made.

After passing through a grinding-shop and a coppersmith's shop, which we must leave without comment, we entered a most important and interesting workshop, 330 feet in length by 60 feet in breadth, termed "the fitting-shop," because the work brought here in various states is all finally finished and fitted for its object. Besides 11 planing-machines, 36 shaping and slotting machines, and 30 turning-lathes, all working by steam-power, we observed, running nearly the whole length of the building, five sets of tables, at which were busily employed in filing, rasping, hammering, &c., eight rows of "vice-men," so called because they work at vices. The whole of the artificers in this room are of the best description, and the importance of their duties cannot perhaps be more briefly illustrated than by the simple fact that, besides all the requisite repairs of 200 locomotive engines, they were employed in finishing the innumerable details of 30 new ones in progress. Some were solely engaged in converting bolts into screws; some in fitting nuts; some in constructing brass whistles: in short, in this division of labor almost every "vice-man" was employed in finishing some limb, joint, or other component part of a locomotive engine destined to draw trains either of goods or passengers.

After visiting a large storeroom, in which all things appertaining to engines, sorted and piled in innumerable compartments, are guarded by a store-keeper, who registers in a book each item that he receives and delivers, we will now introduce our readers to the climax of the establishment, commonly called "*the Erecting-shop.*" Hitherto we have been occupied in following in tedious detail from the foundry to the forge, and from the anvil to the vice, the various items, such as plates, rivets, bolts, nuts, rings, stays, tubes, ferrules, steam-pipes, exhausting-pipes, chimney-pipes, safety-valves, life-guards, axle-boxes, pistons, cylinders, connecting-rods, splashers, leading and trailing wheels, &c., amounting in number to 5416 pieces, of which a locomotive engine is composed. We have at last, however, reached that portion of the establishment in which all those joints, limbs, and boilers which have been separately forged, shaped and finished in different localities, are assembled together for the consummation of the especial object for which, with so much labor and at so great an expense, they have been prepared: indeed, nothing, we believe, can be more true than Mr. Robert Stephenson's well-known maxim—"A lo-

comotive engine must be put together as carefully as a watch!"

The Erecting-shop at Crewe is a room 300 feet long by 100 feet broad, containing five sets of rails, upon three of which are erected the new engines and tenders—the other two being usually occupied by those under heavy repair. The number of artificers we found employed was 220. In this magnificent building we saw in progress of erection 20 passenger-engines, also 10 luggage-engines; and as this shop has (as we have before stated) turned out a locomotive engine and tender complete on every Monday morning for very nearly a year, and is continuing to supply them at the same rate, we had before us in review locomotive engines in almost every stage of progress; and when we reflected on the innumerable benefits, and even blessings, which resulted to mankind from their power, it was most pleasing to be enabled at one view to see—as it were in rehearsal behind the scenes—performers who were so shortly to appear upon the stage of life.

At the further end of the line of rails close to the north wall there appeared a long low tortuous mass of black iron-work, without superstructure or wheels, in which the form of an engine-bed in embryo could but very faintly be traced; a little nearer was a similar mass, in which the outline appeared, from some cause or other, to be more distinctly marked; nearer still the same outline appeared upon wheels; to the next there had been added a boiler and fire-box, without dome, steam-escape, or funnel-pipe; nearer still the locomotive-engine in its naked state appeared, in point of form, complete:—and workmen were here busily engaged in covering the boiler with a garment about half an inch thick of hair-felt, upon which others were affixing a covering of inch deal-plank, over which was to be tightly bound a tarpaulin, the whole to be secured by iron hoops. In the next case the dome of the engine was undergoing a similar toilette, excepting that, instead of a wooden upper garment, it was receiving one of copper. Lastly—(it was on a Saturday that we chanced to visit the establishment)—there stood at the head of this list of recruits a splendid brand-new locomotive engine, completely finished, painted bright-green—the varnish was scarcely dry—and in every respect perfectly ready to be delivered over on Monday morning to run its gigantic course. On other rails within the building were tenders in similar states of progress; and, as the eye rapidly glanced down these iron rails, the finished engine and tender immediately before it seemed gradually and almost imperceptibly to dissolve, in proportion to its distance, until nothing was left of each but an indistinct and almost unintelligible dreamy vision of black iron-work. On one of the furthest rails, among a number of engines that were undergoing serious operations, we observed "*The Colonel,*" which, by going off the rails at Newton Bridge, caused the death of General Baird.

*Coach Department.*—As our readers will no doubt feel some little selfish interest in the con-

struction of the railway carriages in which they travel, we shall conclude our rapid survey of the company's workshops at Crewe by a short inspection of the coach establishment. This department constructs and maintains for the traffic on 393 miles of rails all the requisite passenger-carriages, luggage-vans, travelling post-offices and tenders, parcel-vans and parcel-carts, milk-trucks, (principally to supply Liverpool,) and break-wagons.

At the company's "Wagon Department" at Manchester—which is about to be transferred to Liverpool—are constructed and maintained all the requisite goods-wagons, horse-boxes, coke-wagons, carriage-trucks for private carriages, cattle-wagons, and timber-trucks.

The total number of carriages of all descriptions maintained at Crewe amounts to 670, of which about 100 at a time are usually in hospital. There are generally from 30 to 40 new carriages in progress; the number of workmen employed was 260. The establishment is divided into one set of workshops for the construction, and another for the repair of carriages.

1. In a large shop, 300 feet in length, warmed by steam, at night lighted by gas, and by day from lofty windows on each side, there is throughout the whole length of the building a wooden pavement containing eight sets of rails, upon which we beheld, like hackney-coaches on their stands, a variety of carriages in various stages of construction and of alteration, each surrounded by several intelligent artificers, who, instead of throwing away their time in dancing round a tree of liberty, to the tune, or, as it is poetically termed by M. Lamartine, "the dogma" of liberty, fraternity, and equality, were sedulously occupied in framing different sorts of carriages to suit the various gradations of human society. For instance, one set, with beautiful colors, were painting the outside of a "first-class;" while their comrades within were padding it, and petting it, and stuffing it, as if its object were to fit every bend and hollow in the human frame. Another set were strongly varnishing the wooden oak-painted interior of a "second-class," whose exterior had evidently received considerable attention; while another gang were "finishing off" a covered "third-class," whose inside certainly appeared not only very hard, but what month-nurses term "terribly troubled with wind."

In another quarter, a set of workmen were economically converting an old first-class into a second-class—the transmutation being effected by taking out the lining, and then converting large, fashionable, oval windows into little vulgar square ones. But though comfort, like cheese, bacon, or any other description of merchandise, was thus doled out to each class of passengers according to the amount of it which they may desire to purchase, the materials of all the carriages appeared to be of good sound quality. The panels of first, second, and third-class carriages, as well as those even of luggage-vans, are invariably made of mahogany; "the bottom-sides" of English oak; the rest of the framing of ash. The break-blocks are

made of willow, and usually last about ten weeks' work. Adjoining this congregation of carriages is a smith's shop, containing twenty-eight forges and a tire-oven; above which we found a large store-room filled with lace-trimming, horse-hair, superfine cloth, varnished oil-cloth, nails, rugs, and, among a variety of other requirements, plate-glass for windows. We observed that those for the front glasses of coupés—in order to enable them to resist the occasional pelting of hot cinders from the engine—were half an inch thick! There was also, in an adjoining store, a collection of old cushions, mercilessly indented and worn out by some description of dull heavy pressure.

2. The hospital of the Coach Department at Crewe is an enormous shed, 600 feet long by 180 broad. It is capable of holding 90 carriages, with ample room for working around them, but only 80 were under repair. Among them we observed several flying post-offices and tenders bearing the royal arms. Adjoining is a large smith's shop, also a spacious yard containing a heavy stock of timber piled under sheds, with an office for recording the daily amount received and delivered. On entering the "Grease House," which, contrary to expectation, we found to be as clean as a dairy, we perceived standing against the walls, three huge casks of Russia tallow, a quantity of yellow palm-oil, several boxes of soda, and a water-cock. On the opposite side there was a small steam-boiler for heating two open cauldrons and two wooden cooling-vats. This apparatus is constructed for the fabrication of that yellow mixture which our readers have seen bestowed so generously to the axles of the carriages of every train. We had often in vain endeavored to ascertain its composition, which, from the grease-master, the highest possible authority on the subject, we at last discovered to be as follows:—

200 lbs. of Russia tallow.	20 lbs. of soda.
70 lbs. of palm-oil.	50 gallons of water.

Besides heating the two caldrons we have mentioned, large iron pipes pass from the steam-boiler to the immediate vicinity of two casks, each containing one ton of sperm-oil, which is thus kept constantly fluid, instead of crystallizing, as it is prone to do, during cold weather.

*A Railway Town.*—Having now concluded our rough sketch of the workshops of the locomotive and coach departments at Crewe—in both of which the company's artificers and workmen toil both winter and summer from six in the morning till half-past five in the evening, excepting on Saturdays, when they leave off at four—our readers will, we hope, feel sufficiently interested in their welfare to inquire, as we anxiously did, a little into their domestic history and comforts. About a hundred yards from the two establishments we have just left, there stands a plain neat building, erected by the company, containing baths, hot, cold, and shower, for the workmen, as well as for their wives and daughters, the hours allotted for each sex being stated on a board, which bluntly enough explains that the women may wash while the men

are working, and *vice versa*. For this wholesome luxury the charge for each person is 1*½*d.; and although we do not just at present recollect the exact price of yellow soap per bar, of sharp white sand per bushel, of stout dowlas-towelling per yard, or the cost of warming a few hundred gallons of water, yet, as we stood gazing into one of these baths, we could not help thinking that, if that Hercules who works the steam-hammer can, on Saturday night after his week's toil, be scrubbed perfectly clean and white for three half-pence, he can have no very great reason to complain, for surely, except by machinery, the operation could scarcely be effected much cheaper! To a medical man the company gives a house and a surgery, in addition to which he receives from every unmarried workman 1*d.* per week; if married, but with no family, 1*½*d. per week; if married, and with a family, 2*d.* per week; for which he undertakes to give attendance and medicine to whatever men, women, children, or babies of the establishment may require them. A clergyman, with an adequate salary from the company, superintends three large day-schools for about 300 boys, girls, and infants. There is also a library and mechanics' institute, supported by a subscription of about 10*s.* a year, at which a number of very respectable artificers, whose education when young was neglected, attend at night to learn *ab initio*, reading, writing, and arithmetic. There is likewise a vocal and instrumental class, attended by a number of workmen, with their wives and daughters.

The town of Crewe contains 514 houses, one church, three schools, and one town-hall, all belonging to the company; and as the birth, growth, and progress of a railway town is of novel interest, our readers will, we think, be anxious to learn at what speed our railway stations are now turning into towns, just as many of our ancient post-houses formerly grew into post-towns. Although the new houses at Crewe were originally built solely for railway servants, yet it was soon found necessary to construct a considerable number for the many shopkeepers and others who were desirous to join the new settlement, and accordingly, of the present population of 8000, about one half are strangers. Not only are the streets, which are well lighted by gas, much broader than those of Wolverton, but the houses are, generally speaking, of a superior description, and, although all are new, yet it is curious to observe how insidiously old customs, old fashions, old wants, and even old luxuries, have become domiciled. Many of the shops have large windows, which eagerly attempt to look like plate-glass. In the shoemakers' shops, contrasted with thick railway boots and broad railway shoes, there hang narrow-soled Wellingtons and Bluchers, as usual scarcely half the gauge or breadth of the human foot. The company's workmen began by having a cheap stout dancing-master of their own; but, the aristocracy of Crewe very naturally requiring higher kicks, we found a superior and more elegant artist giving lessons in the town-hall—a splendid room capable of containing 1000 persons.

It would of course be quite irregular for 8000 persons to live together without the luxury of being enabled occasionally to bite and tickle each other with the sharp teeth and talons of the law, and accordingly we observed, appropriately inscribed in large letters on the door of a very respectable-looking house,

GRIFFIN, ATTORNEY.

Mankind are so prone to draw distinctions where no real differences exist, that among our readers there are probably many who conceive that although they themselves are fully competent to enjoy Fanny Kemble's readings from Shakspeare, such a mental luxury would be altogether out of character at *New Crewe*! In short, that shops full of smiths, and other varieties of workmen, (particularly him of the steam-hammer, and most especially the artificer we saw squatted in the boiler,) although all exceedingly useful in their ways, could not possibly appreciate the delicate intonations of voice, or the poetical beauties to which we have alluded. Now, without the smallest desire to oppose this theory, we will simply state, that while, during the men's dinner-hour, we were strolling through the streets of Crewe, we observed on the walls of a temporary theatre, surrounded by a crowd of gaping mouths and eager unwashed faces, a very large placard, of which the following is a copy:—

BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.

MR. JONES WILL REPEAT

The Scene from *Macbeth* and *Cato's Soliloquy*:

LIKEWISE

Imitations of Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Mr. Cooper.

The town and shops of Crewe are well lighted by gas from the company's works, which create about 30,000 cubic feet per day—the foot-paths of the streets being of asphalt, composed of the company's coal-tar mixed up with gravel and ashes from the workshops. The town is governed by a council of fifteen members, two thirds of whom are nominated by the workmen and inhabitants, and one third by the directors. Their regulations are all duly promulgated "by order of the council."

Although our limits do not allow us to enter into many statistical details, we may mention that the number of persons employed on account of the London and North-Western Railway Company, including those occupied in the collection and delivery of goods, is as follows:—

- 2 Secretaries.
- 1 Manager.
- 2 Superintendents.
- 966 Clerks.
- 3054 Porters.
- 701 Police-constables.
- 738 Engine and firemen.
- 3347 Artificers.
- 1452 Laborers.

Total number 10,263



The number of horses employed is . 612  
 Ditto vans, &c. . . . . 253

*Moral.*—The few sketches which we have now concluded, small and trivial as they may appear in detail, form altogether a mass of circumstantial evidence demonstrating the vast difficulty as well as the magnitude of the arrangements necessary for the practical working of great railways; and yet, we regret to add, in their general management there exist moral and political difficulties more perplexing than those which science has overcome, or which order has arranged. We allude to a variety of interests, falsely supposed to be conflicting, which it is our desire to conciliate, and from which we shall endeavor to derive an honest moral.

When the present system of railway travelling was about to be introduced into Europe, it of course became necessary for parliament and for his majesty's government seriously to consider and eventually to determine whether these great national thoroughfares should be scientifically formed, regulated, and directed by the state, under a board competently organized for the purpose, (*vide Quart. Rev.*, No. 125, p. 60,) or whether the conveyance of the public should be committed to the inexperienced and self-interested management of an infinite number of joint-stock companies. Without referring to by-gone arguments in favor of each of these two systems, and, above all, without offering a word against the decision of parliament on the subject, we have simply to state that the joint-stock system was adopted, and that accordingly capitalists and speculators of all descriptions—men of substance and men of straw—were authorized at their own cost to create and govern the iron thoroughfares of the greatest commercial country in the world. The first result was what might naturally have been expected; for no sooner was it ascertained that a railway connecting, or as it may be more properly termed, tapping immense masses of population, such, for instance, as are contained in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., was productive of profit, than just as when one lucky man finds a rich lode, hundreds of ignorant, foolish people immediately embark, or, as it is too truly termed, *sink* their capital in "*mining*;" so it was generally believed that any "*railway*"—whether it connected cities or villages it mattered not a straw—would be equally productive.

The competition thus first irrationally and then insanely created was productive of good and evil. The undertakings were commenced with great vigor. On the other hand, as engineering talent cannot all of a sudden be produced as easily as capital, many important works were constructed under very imperfect superintendence; and as iron, timber, and every article necessary for the construction of a railway simultaneously rose in value, the result was that the expense of these new thoroughfares, which, by the exaction of fares proportionate to their outlay, must, it is said, eventually

be paid for by the public, very greatly exceeded what, under a calm, well-regulated system, would have been their cost. Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties and expenses, foreseen as well as unforeseen, our great arterial railways were very rapidly constructed.

Their managers, however, had scarcely concluded their "*song of triumph*," when they found themselves seriously embarrassed by a demand on the part of the public for what had been rather indefinitely termed "*cheap travelling*;" and as this question involves most serious considerations, we will offer a very few observations on it.

There can be no doubt that inasmuch as it is the duty of parliament to legislate for the interests of the public, so it is the duty of her majesty's government to exercise their influence in legitimately obtaining for the community *cheap travelling*. But although money is valuable to every man, his life is infinitely more precious; and, therefore, without stopping to inquire whether by cheap travelling is meant travelling for nothing, for fares unremunerative, or for fares only slightly remunerative to the company, we submit as a mere point of precedence, that the *first* object the legislature ought to obtain is, that every possible precaution shall be taken to ensure for the public *SAFE travelling*.

Now, casting aside all petty or local interests, we calmly ask in what manner and by what means would her majesty's government ensure for the public safe travelling, supposing our railways were the sole property of the state?

The answer is not only evident, but, we submit, undeniable.

The way, under Providence, to protect the public from avoidable accidents on railways is, utterly regardless of expense, to construct the rails, sleepers, locomotive-engines, and carriages of the very best materials, carefully put together by the best workmen; and then to intrust the maintenance of the line to engineers and other men of science of the highest attainments, assisted by a corps of able-bodied guards, pointsmen, and policemen, all sober, vigilant, active, intelligent, and honest.

Now it is highly satisfactory to reflect that every one of the above costly precautions, as well as all others of a similar nature which a paternal government could reasonably desire to enforce, are as conducive to the real interests of the proprietors of a railway as they are to the safety of those who travel on it; for even supposing that the directors take no pride in maintaining the character of the national thoroughfare committed to their charge—that, reckless of human life, they care for nothing but their own pockets—a railway accident summarily inflicts upon their purses the same description of punishment instantaneously awarded to a man who carelessly runs his head against a post. For instance, only a few weeks ago a ballast-train on the London and North-Western Railway having stopped for a moment, a goods-train behind it ran into it. No one was hurt excepting the company—who suffered a loss of 4000*l.* by the collision. Independent, therefore, of the heavy damages read-

ily awarded by juries to any one hurt by a railway accident, the injuries self-inflicted by the company on their own costly engines, carriages, &c., are most serious in amount, to say nothing of the almost incalculable embarrassment they may create; indeed, taking into fair consideration the costly results which have occurred to our railway companies by the dislocation of a bolt, the unscrewing of a little nut, or from a variety of other causes equally trifling, it may, we believe, be truly said that the punishments which railway companies have received from accidents have, generally speaking, exceeded rather than fallen short of their offences; and thus every intelligent board of directors is aware that safety in travelling is more emphatically for the interest of railway proprietors than any other consideration whatever; in short, that there is nothing more expensive to a railway company than an accident.

It being evident, therefore, that it is as much for the interests of railway proprietors as of railway travellers that every possible precaution should be taken by the company to prevent accidents, we have now to observe that to attain all the necessary securities there is but one thing needful—namely, MONEY. With it her majesty's government might conscientiously undertake the serious responsibility of prescribing all that science could administer for the safety of the public. Without money, what government or what individual who had any character to lose could for a moment undertake that which his judgment would clearly admonish him to be utterly impracticable? Now, if this reasoning be correct, the managers of our arterial railways were certainly justified in expecting that, if the government required them to take every possible precaution to ensure *safe* travelling, they would, as a matter of course, assist them in obtaining the same means which they themselves would require had they to effect the same object—namely, MONEY. But instead of endeavoring to obtain for railway companies these means—or rather, instead of enabling them to retain the means which under their respective acts of parliament they already legally possessed of purchasing security for the public, parliament, in compliance with a popular outcry for *cheap* travelling, deemed it advisable to require from railways a reduction of the tolls necessary to ensure *SAFE* travelling. To any one who will carefully observe the practical working of a railway, it is not only alarming, but appalling, to reflect on the accidents which sooner or later *must* befall the public if the master-mind which directs the whole concern, but which cannot possibly illuminate the darkness of every one of its details, were suddenly to be deprived of the talisman by which alone he can govern a lineal territory four or five hundred miles in length—namely, an abundant supply of MONEY. Parliament may thunder—government may threaten—juries may punish—the public may rave; but if the fustian-clad workmen who put together the 5416 pieces of which a locomotive engine is composed are insufficiently paid—if the wages of the pointsmen, enginemen, and police be reduced to that of

common laborers—if cheap materials are connected together by scamped workmanship—the black eyes, bloody noses, fractured limbs, mangled corpses of the public, will emphatically proclaim, as clearly as the hopper of a mill, the emptiness of the exchequer. So long as the manager of a railway has ample funds he ought to be prepared, regardless of expense, to repair with the utmost possible despatch the falling-in of a tunnel or any other serious accident to the works—in short, the whole powers of his mind should be directed to the paramount interests of the public, which, in fact, are identical with those of the company. But if he has no funds—or, what is infinitely more alarming, in case from want of funds the impoverished proprietors of the railway shall have angrily elected in his stead the representative of an ignorant, ruinous, and narrow-minded policy—how loudly would the public complain—how severely would our commercial interests suffer, if, on the occurrence to the works of any of the serious accidents to which we have alluded, the new ruler were to be afraid even to commence any repairs until he should have been duly authorized by his newly-elected economical colleagues to haggle and extract from a number of contractors the cheapest tender!

But we fear it would not be difficult to show that, in reducing the established rates of our great railways before their works were completed, parliament has unintentionally legislated upon erroneous principles. For instance, we have already explained that the profit of a railway depends upon the amount of the population and goods which flow upon it from the towns it taps. If, therefore, the traffic on an arterial line be but moderately remunerative, it must be evident that a branch line must be an unprofitable concern—unless, indeed, the company be authorized to levy upon it *higher* tolls than are sufficient on the trunk line. When, therefore, in the rapid development of our great national railway system it was found necessary for the accommodation of a fraction of the public to apply to parliament for powers to make these unremunerating branch lines, the companies were certainly in theory entitled to expect the extra assistance we have explained; instead of which they were practically informed that, unless they would consent to *lower* their tolls altogether, they would not be allowed to develop their system by the construction of any branch line; which is as if a tenant were to say to his landlord—"If you incur the expense of making convenient by-roads to my farm to enable me with facility to take my crops to market, *you must lower my rent.*"

As it is undeniable that exorbitant rates, besides being inconvenient to the public, are highly injurious to the real interests of railway proprietors—indeed, we have shown how enormously the traffic of the country has been increased by low charges—we are fully disposed, not only most strongly to recommend, but as far as it may be legal to enforce, that salutary principle; but the insuperable difficulty of *at present* adjusting the proper tolls to be

levied on the public is, that no arterial railway in Great Britain can either declare in figures, or even verbally explain, the real state of its ultimate expenditure and receipts, for the sole reason, namely, that the enterprise is not yet worked out, and that no man breathing can foretell what are to be its limits.

What has become, we ask, of the *old* London and Birmingham Railway (born only in 1836)—of the Grand Junction Railway—of the Manchester and Birmingham—the Liverpool and Manchester Railways—and of a score of others we could name? What has become of the civil, or rather uncivil, war which all these companies waged against each other; as well as against Messrs. Pickford, the most powerful carriers in the world? They have all lost the independence they respectively occupied, and, like the ingredients cast by Macbeth's witches "i' th' charmed pot," they have "boiled," or, as it is now-a-days termed, amalgamated, into one great stock; and while this long continuous arterial line has been drawing from the public for goods and passenger traffic considerable receipts, it has been, and at various localities still is, draining its own life-blood by the forced construction of a number of sucking branch-lines, which, as far as we can see, are not likely ever to be remunerative.

For some time railway companies deemed it their interest to compete against each other, but this ruinous system was gradually abandoned and is now reversed. The two lines from London to Peterborough, after competing for several months, now divide their profits. The two lines to Edinburgh will probably ere long do the same. But besides this transmutation of competition into combination, public notice was lately given that three of the large arterial lines, namely, the Great Western, the South-Western, and the London and North-Western, were meditating an amalgamation of their respective stocks into one vast concern. On this important project, which for the present has been abandoned, we will offer a very few observations.

We believe it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that the working details of a railway are invariably well executed in proportion to their magnitude:—that, for instance, in the management of the London and North-Western Railway, the arrival and departure of trains are better regulated at their large stations than at their small;—that their great manufactories are better and more economically conducted than their little ones;—that the arrangements of Messrs. Pickford and of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne are better at Camden Town than at the small out-lying stations;—in short, we most distinctly observed that wherever there was an enormous amount of important business to be transacted, *there* were invariably to be found assembled superior talents, superior workmen, superior materials; and that, on the other hand, at small and secluded localities, where little work was performed, inferior men, inferior wagons, horses, &c., were employed.

In the old system of travelling, it was safer to drive along a lonely road than through crowded

streets; old horses as well as old drivers, were deemed safer than young ones; in fact, the more the traveller was impeded, the less dangerous was his journey. But on our railways, when once a man has tied himself to the tail of a locomotive engine, it matters but little, especially in a fog, whether he flies at the pace of fifty miles an hour, or whether he crawls, as it is now termed, at the rate of only twenty; for, in either case, if there be anything faulty in the works, machinery, or management, accidents may occur to him which it is fearful to contemplate. Considering, therefore, that not only the ability necessary for the general management of a railway, but the intelligence and vigilance requisite at every station and on every portion of the line are found practically to increase according to the demand, and *vice versâ*, it is evident that nothing would prove more fatal to the public, as well as ruinous to proprietors, than to split an efficient remunerating great railway into two or more inefficient and unremunerating small ones. A little railway, like "a little war," is murderous to those engaged in it—ruinous to those who pay for it; and we are therefore of opinion that it is for the interest of the public not only that traffic should be concentrated as much as possible on large lines, rich enough to purchase management, engineering, servants, and materials of the very best description, but that these great lines, by uniting together, should voluntarily force themselves to exchange all paltry considerations, mean exactions and petty projects for those great principles which alone should guide the administration of a *national system* of railways. There can be no doubt that any description of monopoly is abstractedly an evil, but if it be equally true that every inch of railway throughout the country represents an integral portion of a vast, legally constituted, monopolizing system, the practical question to consider is, not whether monopoly is an evil, but whether, of two evils, it would be more or less convenient for parliament and the public to deal with *one* monopoly than with *many*;—whether, for instance, it would be more or less easy for government, in recommending alterations of fares, &c., to correspond solely with the directors of the London and North-Western Railway than to communicate *seriatim* with the boards of the several companies to whom the present line originally belonged, each of which might possibly, in opposition to each other, be pursuing a different course of policy.

As the new system has created an enormous increase of traffic, so it has also, *pari passu*, developed talent proportionate to the extraordinary demand for it; and, therefore, whatever may be the imaginary dangers from a concentrated administration of our railways, we feel confident that the public have much greater reason to apprehend the inconveniences, to say the least, that must inevitably result to them from those sudden unreasonable changes of management, or rather of *mis*-management, which are sure periodically to take place so long as every separate railway monopoly



arbitrarily pursues not only its own system, but that which its restless shareholders from time to time may think proper to ordain. At all events, until the best plan of managing our great railways shall have been fully ascertained, and most especially until the unknown liabilities, expenses, and receipts attendant upon the establishment over the surface of our country of a series of iron highways shall have been accurately developed, it must be utterly impossible for any practical man to decide to what extent, if any, the parliamentary tolls originally levied on the public ought in equity to have been reduced.

The great truth, however, sooner or later must appear; and as the hurricane, however violently it may blow, in due time is invariably succeeded by a breathless calm;—as the ocean waves, although mountain high, shortly subside;—as the darkest night in a few hours turns into bright daylight;—so must the present mystified prospects of our great railways inevitably ere long become clear and transparent as those of any other mercantile firm; and when this moment shall have arrived, we believe a very short time will elapse before parliament, the amalgamated railway boards, and the public, will come to a creditable and amicable adjustment; for while, on the one hand, it can never be the interest of the public to prefer *cheap* to *SAFE* travelling, so it can never be the serious and fixed purpose of any body of men competent to direct the affairs of our arterial railways, to exact from the public an exorbitant dividend, which must inevitably create condign punishment; for so sure as water finds its own level will British capital always be forthcoming to lower by legitimate competition anything like a continued usurious exaction from the public. But a moment's consideration of the following facts will show that as regards railway tolls the public have as yet no very great reason to complain.

In Herapath's Railway Journal, of the 30th of September last, it appears that the capital expended on railways now open for traffic, amounting to 148,400,000*l.*, gives a profit of 1·81 per cent. for the half-year, or 3*l.* 12*s.* 4½*d.* per cent. per annum. Deducting the non-paying dividend lines, the dividend on the remainder amounts to 2·09 per cent. for the half-year, or 4*l.* 3*s.* 7½*d.* per cent. per annum.

After ten years' competition with railways, the dividends received by the canal companies between London and Manchester were in 1846 as follows:

	Per Cent.
Grand Junction Canal, . . . . .	6
Oxford, . . . . .	26
Coventry, . . . . .	25
Old Birmingham, . . . . .	16
Trent and Mersey, . . . . .	30
Duke of Bridgewater's (private property) say	30

The dividends received by the Grand Junction Canal for the last forty years have averaged 9*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* per cent. per annum.

Great as have been and still are the advantages to the country of our inland navigation, it cannot be denied that the creation of railways was

a more hazardous undertaking than the construction of canals. Without, however, offering any opinion as to the relative profits which it has been the fortune of the proprietors of each of these valuable undertakings to divide, we merely repeat that, considering the unknown difficulties which for some time must continue to obscure the future prospects of our railways, it is neither for their interest nor that of the public that the managers of these great national works should in the mean while be cramped by want of means in the development of the important system which it has pleased the imperial parliament to commit to their hands instead of to the paternal management of her majesty's government.

If the present alarming depreciation of railway property continue, it is evident that decisive measures, good, bad, or indifferent, will be deemed necessary by the shareholders to prevent, if possible, further loss; and while, on the one hand, the public ought not to be alarmed at impracticable threats, it is only prudence to consider what will probably be the lamentable results of a civil or rather of an uncivilized warfare between the travelling public and the proprietors of the rails on which they travel. In case the present reduced fares should prove to be unremunerative, we have endeavored to show that, unless the shareholders in anger elect incompetent managers, the public have no reason to entertain any extra apprehension from accidents;—for the engine-driver might as well desire to run his locomotive over an embankment as a company of proprietors—almost all of whom are railway travellers—become reckless of their property as well as of their lives. Indeed, if railway rates were to be further reduced tomorrow, the public would, we believe, travel as safely, and perhaps even more so, than at present. The result of inadequate rates is not danger, but inconvenience, amounting to deprivation of many of those advantages which the railway system is calculated to bestow upon the country. For instance, to every practical engineer it is well known that pace is just as expensive on rails as on the road. At present the public travel fast, and those who want to go long distances are accommodated with trains that seldom stop. If, however, it does not suit them to pay for speed, they cannot reasonably expect to have it. If railway companies as well as the public are forced to economize, both we believe would eventually be heavy losers by the transaction. The London and North-Western Company, by taking off their express trains, might at once save upwards of 40,000*l.* a year, besides severe extra damage to their rails. The railways in general might reduce the number of their trains—make them stop at every little station—run very slow—suppress the delivery of day-tickets—curtail the expenses of their station accommodation—and finally abandon a number of tributary lines upon which large sums of money have been expended. It must be for the public to determine whether, for the sake of a small saving in their fares, which after all are moderate

as compared with other travelling charges, they desire not only to forego the accommodation and convenience to which they have lately become accustomed, but to arrest the development of the railway system to its utmost extent, and with its development its profits.

But, whether our railways be eventually governed by high-minded or by narrow-minded principles—by one well-constituted amalgamated board, or by a series of small disjointed local authorities—we trust our readers of all politics will cordially join with us in a desire, not unappropriate to the commencement of a new year, that the wonderful discovery which it has pleased the Almighty to impart to us, instead of becoming among us a subject of angry dispute, may in every region of the globe bring the human family into friendly communion; that it may dispel national prejudices, assuage animosities; in short, that by creating a feeling of universal gratitude to the Power from which it has proceeded, it may produce on earth peace and good will towards men.

**PLATINA METAL.** This metal was formerly more valuable than gold. But the platina mines of Russia have furnished such an abundance of the ore, that it is now next to gold in value. It is a metal of whitish silvery color—the heaviest, the most difficult of fusion, the most ductile, and the most flexible of the known metals, having a specific gravity of 21.5, and capable of being hammered into leaves, or drawn into wires, of extreme tenuity. Its hardness is intermediate between that of copper and iron; and though very infusible, it is malleable, and capable of being welded at a white heat, either one piece to another, or to a bit of iron or steel. It is not in the least affected by the air or water, and it is not attacked by any of the pure acids; but is dissolved by chlorine and nitromuriatic acid.

In beauty, ductility, and indestructibility it is hardly inferior to gold. When a perfectly clean surface of platinum is presented to a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas, it has the extraordinary property of causing them to combine, so as to form water, and often with such rapidity as to render the metal red-hot. Platinum was discovered about 1741; but it attracted little notice until the mode of purifying it, and rendering it malleable, was discovered by Dr. Wollaston. It is found in the metallic state in Brazil and Peru; at Antioquia in South America; in Estremadura, in Spain; and latterly in considerable quantities in the Uralian mountain, and in California. Its appearance, in the rough state in which it is imported, is that of small grains or scales, of a metallic lustre, darker than silver, and extremely heavy. In this state it is combined with palladium, rhodium, titanium, iron, gold, or other metals. The particles are seldom larger than a pea, but pieces have been found as large as a hazel nut; and in 1831, a mass of native metal was discovered in Demicloff's gold mines in Russia, weighing upwards of 20 lbs.

The perfection with which vessels of platinum resist the action of heat and air, of most of the acids, and of sulphur and mercury, renders them peculiarly valuable in many chemical applications; so that, notwithstanding the high value of the metal, which is between four and five times its weight of silver, it is now much employed for crucibles, retorts for the distillation of sulphuric acid, mirrors for re-

flecting telescopes, by gunsmiths, and others. Its property of being welded, either one piece with another, or with iron and steel, admits of many useful applications in the arts. From its scarcity and indestructibility, it has been proposed to use it for coinage; and we believe coins of the respective values of 3, 6, and 20 silver roubles are now current in Russia.

**SPAR.**—In England ornamental masonry appears to have been carried on longest in Derbyshire, which county is singularly rich in mineral productions. The objects originally made of spar were urns, vases, columns, and obelisks; but generally they were solid lumps of stone, and from their great weight most inconvenient to move about. But later works, besides being copies of the most approved forms of the antique, are manufactured very thin and light, so that a taper placed within displays the most extraordinary and richest colors in the mineral world. Apart from its splendid veins and hues, this substance is valuable from its being peculiar to this country. A prodigal waste of this stone was once carried on when abundance could be obtained from the mine; but now it is extremely scarce and expensive, the price having risen from 14*l.* to 60*l.* per ton, and even larger sums have been given for very fine specimens.—*Builder.*

**M. DAVID**, (d'Angers,) the sculptor and representative of the people, who executed the frontispiece of the Pantheon, has offered to repair gratuitously the figures which were mutilated during the insurrection of June.

*The Closing Scene; or, Christianity and Infidelity contrasted in the Last Hours of remarkable Persons.* By the Rev. **ERSKINE NEALE**, M. A., Rector of Kirton, Suffolk. Second Series. Longman & Co.

WE did not see the first series of this book, but its success seems to have justified the present publication. We confess that we think the design open to very grave objections, and provocative of dangerous retorts in a similar spirit, partial and exclusive. But we are bound to add that the writer is very far from a bigoted, or intentionally unjust man. On the contrary, he gives continual proofs of just and reasonable views, of a kindly and earnest nature, and of the desire to do good; and whatever in other respects may be thought of his book, it is impossible to deny that it is very readable and interesting, the anecdotes being always well selected and cleverly introduced.—*Examiner.*

*A History of Wonderful Inventions.* Illustrated with numerous engravings on wood. Chapman & Hall.

A cleverly-compiled, compact little book, beginning with the Mariner's Compass and ending with the Electric Telegraph; ornamented prettily with wood-cuts of attractive scenes and incidents connected with the various discoveries, and altogether a very well-designed and well-executed piece of reading for the young. The descriptions are intelligible and plain; there is no attempt to go beyond the simplest and most interesting aspects of the inventions detailed, and the spirit is earnest and hopeful as befits a writer with such an audience before him. Such a record may take its place on the play-room shelves beside the *Arabian Nights* or the *Tales of the Genii*, for there is nothing more wonderful in those enchanting romances than may be found in this grave little piece of history.—*Do.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.  
THE LOST SNUFF-BOX.

It was a lovely morning in June—

The air, exulting in its freshness and perfume, as if just loosed from heaven's portals, played joyously around the hills of the Lowlands, entrancing all who felt its influence, from the noble invalid in his pillowed chariot, to the sunburnt goatherd reclining on the heather, into a deeper love of nature than their physical compositions were apparently adapted to imbibe.

It was indeed a glorious, heavenly morning. The fleecy clouds seemed loth to glide across the blue infinity above, and joyously did the sun illumine the little enclosure (yclept "the garden") that lay before a white-washed cot at the foot of one of the Lowland mountains.

It was the only habitation in sight, and so clean and white it looked, as if it had been built only to make its appearance on such a day as this.

The two upper lattices of the cottage, thrown open to their utmost extent, let in the passing zephyr to fan the fever-stricken temples of two beautiful sisters, who were passing from the world ere their sun had reached its meridian, and who, drinking in the balmy air, prayed that heaven might be as sweet, and turned to pain and misery again!

But to her who watched by her dying children's pillows, the sunniest day had no charms nor brightness!

Oh! how gladly would she have exchanged the gifts of Fortune that had raised her above her sphere, to see those children like what she herself once was!

But it is time to introduce the principal character of our tale.

On an old arm-chair, outside the cottage-door, an old man sat—not that years had made him old as much as toil and hardship;—but his hair was gray, although he had scarcely numbered fifty summers, and as he doffed the forage-cap of the gallant —th Regiment—saying that they were white—his locks flowed thick as ever. On his knees rested a volume that even the reckless and dissolute atmosphere of a barrack-room had never separated him from. It was closed, for the morning's ne'er-forgotten task of devotion was over, and every attention of the veteran seemed to be riveted on an urchin some eight or nine years old, who, having made himself master of his father's walking-stick, was going through the manual and platoon exercises under the old man's instructions; a duty that, at intervals, was sadly interrupted, to the utter extinction of all discipline, by some huge drone that intruded upon the "parade-ground;" whereupon the juvenile musketeer, exclaiming, "*Oh! Daddy! there's Boney!*" would forthwith make a grand charge at the encroaching foe, beating the air with his wooden weapon, until some chance and lucky blow sent the miserable interloper, humming, and buzzing, and kicking, on his back upon the ground.

It was during one of these charging exploits that the incipient hero, happening to look through the garden-gate, had his gaze attracted by an object that made him exclaim, with more alarm than pluck, "*Oh! pa! here's Boney come, sure 'nough!*" and, alas! for poor puerile self-conceit, the old stick was suddenly dropped, and Master Bobby might, the moment after, have been espied standing very still (and very white) behind the cottage-door, with his thumb in his mouth.

Scarcely less astonished was the father of the boy, when he saw the splendid livery of the Castle approach his humble dwelling, (he had been there but a week,) and, mentioning his name, deliver a letter sealed with such a profusion of wax as he had only witnessed once before; namely, on his being the bearer of a despatch on the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Armies in France.

The contents of the missive were an invitation to the veteran to take a seat that evening at dinner at the table of the Castle, where its munificent owner—himself a Waterloo man—was giving a feast in humble imitation of the great captain of the age, on the anniversary of the day that sealed the destiny of Europe, and witnessed the downthrow of the greatest curse incarnate ever let loose on the world and man.

A verbal reply, humbly and thankfully accepting the honor, was the only means at hand of responding to the important document; for to have obtained writing materials would have entailed a three-miles' walk to the nearest town, and a greater expenditure of capital than could with any propriety at the present time be afforded.

But who shall scrutinize the old man's dreams of happiness and grandeur as he read and re-read the flattering missive to the partner of his existence?

He had heard and read in fairy tales of beggars who had become princes—of Cinderellas, who had, in a night, been transformed to queens; but this was bringing the romance home to his own fire-side in stern reality.

"*How would it all end?*" was a self-proposed question that made him giddy to contemplate.

The old regimentals of the —th regiment were slightly astonished, I promise you, on that day, at being so rubbed, and scrubbed, and brushed, and mended, after they had quietly lapsed into the thought that, like their old master, they were worn out, and, after a long "tour of duty," had been laid on the shelf forever. In many places they even disdained the stitches of the busy wife, and mutinously broke out as soon as attempted to be set into anything like wearing order.

Master Bobby was discovered, after an hour's hard search, sharpening the sword-blade on the homely knife-board, to the utter destruction of that useful household article.

At last all was in readiness—and having imprinted a kiss on the lips of each of his loved and only earthly treasures, the old Adjutant set forth on his journey to the "Castle."



He had just attained the summit of the nearest hill, when the strokes of the town clock came booming over the plain upon his ear. After all, it was but five! and he was an hour, at the very least, too early.

But what a change had come over the scene! Cheerless, dark, and dismally the wind now whistled past, rudely tearing aside the blue cloak that he had wrapped around him ere his departure; and—strange contrast to the black heather—revealing beneath it the British scarlet uniform on the top of that bleak mountain!

Clouds—dense, lowering, and thunder-charged, were boiling up around the horizon, and in one short hour a melancholy desolation had usurped the place of all that just before was bright and beautiful!

Thus is there a time in life, when, among all our imminent and promised happiness and prosperity, we feel the barometer of the mind descend to zero; leaving us that were the moment before all joy, anticipation, and delight, a living monument of indescribable distress!

But how beautifully has Thomas Haynes Bailey described this feeling, in his plaintive ballad—

There's a time when all that grieves us  
Is felt with a deeper gloom—  
There's a time when Hope deceives us,  
And we dream of bright days to come!

Poor fellow! may those bright days *he* dreamt of have reached him in a brighter world, that never reached him in this!

But let us listen to the old man's mental soliloquy, as he watches the gathering gloom, and feels the same shadow fall over his spirit with an unaccountable influence.

"To the day now passing to its end in storm and darkness, how different has been my life!—Born—ah! where was I born?—In a goal or a poor-house?—I know not, and little reck it now. Enlisted at scarcely manhood, to save life itself from starvation and crime!—Favored by Fortune—praised, promoted—the queen's commission conferred on me for deeds of daring!—uplifted from my low estate, to rank with the highborn of my country—and now about to sit at table with the noblest, the fairest, the bravest of the land!—My day, begun in obscurity and darkness, is setting in sunshine and glory!—Gather on, thou threatening storm!—darker and fiercer!—and let me read, in thee, the picture of my life reversed!"

(Old man! old man! *your* eve has not yet come.)

Alone in the drawing-room of the castle—for the heavy drops of the coming storm had driven him onwards before the appointed time—stood the hero of our story, lost in wonder of the wealth and luxuries that lay around him; the only feeling, save wonder, elicited by the display, being simply that the most trifling article there would keep his family in plenty for probably half their life.

Oh! it's a bitter thing to stand surrounded by another's wealth, when you know not where to get a crust for your own starving home-full on the morrow! when even in your daily sacrifice of prayer, the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," tremble on your lips as you breathe them upwards!—for you think how vain they are.

But joy! joy! why think of sorrow!—the rooms are blazing in countless lights!—glittering trappings!—snowy plumes!—happy voices!—clear-ringing tones of woman's laughter!—(down, down, thoughts of the morrow!)—congratulations, happy and heartfelt!—all these are seen and heard around!—and is the old man left alone?—Oh, no! bright eyes beam sweetly on him; noble lips pour forth praises on his head. He, the almost sole survivor of his regiment on the field of Waterloo, may nearly be considered the hero of the feast.

"Oh! but for one—the least—of the jewels that lavishly bedeck that fair and most enthusiastic interrogator of the veteran, to save my darlings from starvation!"

He cannot curb his thoughts; but this is all he thinks of.

The dinner, so unusual to English dinners in general, soon thawed into conviviality. How surely we always find, that the more inhospitable the appearance of a country, the more hospitable the dwellers therein; as if to compensate by a profusion of the one for a delinquency of the other.

The dinner ended, and the toasts began. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and reminiscences of the eventful day were eagerly canvassed around. Pass round the ruby wine! Not less red nor less profusely—lavish it as you will—flowed another crimson stream, that day five years ago!—

It was getting late.

"Pass the snuff-box, if you please," exclaimed the host, who at an early period after the removal of the dinner had produced an article of elaborate workmanship, studded with brilliants, presented to him by Marshal Blucher in person, as a token of admiration for his valor, and esteem for his friendship.

"The snuff-box!" "The snuff-box!" echoed the guests, passing the word one to the other; but no snuff-box appeared.

In vain were the dessert-dishes pushed aside; in vain was search made under the table and under the chairs; the snuff-box had vanished, as if by magic! The attendants protested having brought it in at the beginning of the evening, and having left it on the table.

"It is quite ridiculous," exclaimed one of the company after awhile; "some one must have pocketed it in error, and I'll be the first to try my own pockets."

But no one had done so.

Matters were looking most unpleasantly serious, and each one at table was feeling as uncomfortable under the circumstances as men can be supposed to feel, when the noble host, rising, addressed the company as follows:—

"Brother-soldiers and gentlemen, I have missed an article of unsurpassable value to me. It strikes me that some one having got hold of the article, has, in error, put it into his pocket instead of his own box, and has not now the moral courage to produce it; so I will order in a box filled with sawdust, into which each of you can in turn place his hand; and the one having the box in his possession, may thereby return it without its being known by whom it was deposited. Does any one object to this?"

No one did, of course—so the box was brought, and each guest in turn left his seat and walked up to it—the others looking away—and thrust in his hand. All had completed the ordeal, and the sawdust was emptied; but still no box appeared.

"There is no doubt but some one present has the box," said a noble general, the highest in rank at table; "and under the circumstances I propose that we each in turn submit to undergo a personal investigation of pockets, and I will set the example by being the first to submit to it."

"And I—and I—and I!" flew round the table.

The news had now flown to the drawing-room; and the party, that one hour before promised to be a reunion of deep and noble feelings of cordiality and good will, became a scene of general disorder, suspicion, and confusion.

"I wish the earl had not asked people nobody knows anything of!" exclaimed one fair guest.

"Yes, indeed!" echoed another; "people may be officers—but honesty is never tested till a man is a beggar."

(TRUE! noble lady! true!—affluence can afford to be honest.)

"Aye! search us!—search us all!" eagerly exclaimed all in turn.

ALL! no;—not ALL!

One lip grew pallid, and one cheek blanched white as the damask cloth before it, when the word "search" was uttered; but no one remarked it; a brimming bumper of wine, taken at a gulp, alone prevented one guest there from sinking sick and faint beneath the board.

One by one each guest underwent the self-imposed ordeal, until but one remained to undergo the investigation—it was the old adjutant.

"The adjutant! the adjutant!—where is he?"

Aye, call away! obsequious guests!—search for him from room to room! and condemn him unfound.—He's o'er the mountain, and awa!—and little hears your calling.

Change we the scene.

Cold—aye, shivering cold; not from the chilling atmosphere of the climate, but of the heart—the old man wandered homewards. Thought, feeling, life almost, all but motion, had deserted him.

"THIEF!" at last burst from his pent-up bosom, as he strode homewards—"I A THIEF!"

"Thief!" exclaimed a voice at his side, that made him involuntarily turn round, and lay his hand on his sword. He looked around in the

darkness, but perceived no one; he was but passing a cavern in the Lowland hills, long since renowned for the clearness of its echoes.

Oh! who can describe the feeling, when sudden and fatal calamity comes over us as a thunder-cloud upon a summer's day, annihilating at one blow all our built-up fortunes, all our sanguine hopes, all our treasured views of gladness!

It is indeed a gracious attribute of such misery that it crushes at the time all our human feelings—as the severest wound causes, at its infliction, the slightest pain, and rather causes a deadness of all the parts surrounding—and is it not the retaining the whole sensitive system of our natures under such dilemmas, that drives men on to madness!

Well might the old man, 'mid his woe, exclaim,

The engineer

That lays the last stone of his rock-built tower  
That cost him years on years of toil to raise!  
And smiling, bids the winds and surging waves  
Go roar and whistle now—but in a night  
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,  
May stand aghast as I do! \*

But time flies fast to the wretched.—Eh! you think the reverse, good reader, do you?—Then lie a night watching for the morn to dawn that will bring you joy or wretchedness—marriage or death—and mark which wings itself the speediest out of being.

Thus, ere the veteran had scarce begun to recover his senses, he found himself at the threshold of his cottage.

That night at least there was an ample meal for all within those walls that had the power of partaking of it.

The following morning brought numerous messages and messengers from the "castle," in hopes of recovering the lost bijou.

Entreaties first, then threats, were had recourse to; but each in turn were met by a steady and firm avowal of innocence by the owner of the cottage. In compassion to the veteran, he was not at once handed over to the civil power; but in a few days afterwards he received a letter from the Horse Guards, to whom the matter had been fully communicated, and the half-pay of the old man's rank, upon which he had retired, was immediately suspended, leaving him a beggar, and powerless in the world!

True, he might have claimed the alternative of a court-martial; but were not all the circumstances of the case arrayed against him—bearing on their face a moral certainty of conviction, in spite of his honor or his oath!

\* In justice to the incomparable author of the "Hunchback," I must here be allowed to state that I quote entirely from memory, and consequently, I have no doubt have half murdered, at least, the original lines, the last time I read them being when selected to play the part of *Julia*, having then no whiskers, and being favored with rather a girlish look, even for an ensign.

Nothing was now left him but starvation or the workhouse, and he chose the latter.

In a huge whitewashed building in the nearest town he found himself separated for the first time in life from his only solace in the world—his wife and children!—from her who had shared his troubles as a private soldier, and his honor as an officer. Those whom God had joined together, man at last had put asunder.

Sharp and agonizing was the anguish at first; but ere a week had elapsed, another blow more stunning than this was doomed to descend upon the martyr's head.

He heard the church-bell tolling, and saw—but at a distance—all that was mortal of his two darling daughters borne from out that whitewashed world of sorrow to the grave!

A settled melancholy, bordering on idiocy, now came over the old man's spirits. His daily task was gone through mechanically; but his wife still lived, and he might yet one day meet *her* again alive, and *that* was indeed a consolation in his sorrow; but, alas! how faint even that poor ray of hope!

Faint—faint indeed—poor outcast! You have looked your last, and breathed your last farewell, ere you entered within the walls that now enclose you!

The intelligence of his wife's death was soon after communicated to him, accompanied by a permission for him to have access to all that remained of one once dearer to him than life itself, and the further boon was conceded of following her to her long last home.

How willingly would he have availed himself of this kindness!—but as the first boom of the bell tolled out, he fell back insensible, and so remained till all was over.

His son was now all that was left to him, and he had been bound as apprentice in a town several miles distant.

Yet at some wakeful moment of the night would a thrilling sense of his desolation come over him, and involuntarily was breathed the prayer that the wind might be tempered to the shorn lamb; but like all soldiers he was a strict fatalist, and rather bowed in obedience to the rod, than strived to relieve his sufferings by self-energy or by prayer.

Days, weeks, months, a year had elapsed, and his routine of life remained unaltered and unvaried. Nothing seemed to have any effect on him, save when a casual visitor remarked, in an undertone, (but what tone is too soft for sensitive ears to comprehend!)—

"That is the old officer who stole the snuff-box at the castle."

But what most astonished every one was, that no trace of the box had been, or could be, discovered. It was not found concealed in the old man's cottage, neither buried in his garden, for even that had been turned up in hopes of recovering the lost treasure—neither had it been pawned in the town.

A heavy rolling sound breaks on the dreamer's ears as he starts at midnight from his thin-clad stretcher, and feels the cold damp walls of his tiny cell around him!

He had been dreaming happily. He dreamt that an angel—it was like his dear lost wife, but yet it was not her—had brought the lost jewel to his bedside—had told him it was sent from Heaven to restore him to his own again, who were all at home awaiting his return; and that his trial on earth was over.

Louder and louder swelled the roar without!

"Fire!" "Fire!" "Fire!" roared a thousand voices in chorus!—"A fire at the castle!" and the rolling of the engines and the clashing tread of the horses succeeded one another in rapid succession.

At length nature was exhausted, and he sunk once more to sleep until the morning.

What means that thundering knocking at the gate? A pauper would not knock so loud.

Even the old adjutant looked up from his daily task, but soon looked down again as he saw the hated livery of the castle standing at the portal!

He heard his name pronounced, and the pallor of death fell over his brow and cheek. In another minute he found himself ushered into the governor's room, and confronted face to face with the noble giver of the banquet at which his misery had begun.

He had scarce time to gaze steadfastly on the face of his visitor, ere the latter seized him by the hand; but before a word could be uttered, a flood of tears—tears of repentance for a bitter and irreparable injury done to an innocent man, and coming from the noble and contrite breast of a soldier, broke from the long pent-up channels of the general's heart, and he wept aloud on the old man's shoulder. So totally was he overcome, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he prevented the official authorities from introducing immediate medical assistance, and like a flash of lightning through the gloom of night, the pauper's dream flashed o'er his recollection.

"To-morrow!—to-morrow!—come to the castle—at any hour—but come. I am ill! I must go now," exclaimed the general, and thrusting a purse full of notes and gold into the wonder-stricken old man's hand, he allowed his valet to lead him to his carriage.

There *had* indeed been a fire at the castle, which being simply occasioned by the overheating of the flues, had done no material injury; but the first place that was attended to was the *plate-closet*; and there, in a cupboard high above the others, where the usual plate for household purposes was kept, was discovered THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.

It had no doubt been removed from the table by one of the servants, who, oblivious of the circumstance, or fearing after all that had occurred to produce it, had placed it where it had so long remained unseen.



The following morning broke again bright and joyously, as if in welcome of the scene it was to witness. The old soldier had at once been discharged at the departure of the general, and was soon provided with comfortable lodgings in the town.

His first thought was to seek his boy; but the news quickly reached him, that, tired of the monotonous life his son was obliged to lead as an apprentice, he had gone on board her majesty's ship——, at Plymouth; so he was left alone and childless in the world.

That the snuff-box had been found ran like wild-fire through the place, and had reached the old man's ears before he had left the workhouse; therefore why need he fear to meet the inmates of the castle? In justice to himself, moreover, although he would rather have avoided the interview, he made up his mind to go, and again setting out on foot, he traversed the same path that he had passed just eighteen months ago, when the storm arose around him.

He had scarcely knocked at the castle ere the doors were thrown open, and every servant seemed to vie in being most attentive to the lately reputed criminal. He was at once ushered into the dining-room, where, seated round the table as he had seen them on that memorable day, were the self-same guests that then surrounded the board, and had since concurred in his condemnation.

His place alone was changed, and now a chair was placed for him by the side of his host, at the head of the table; but the veteran refused to take advantage of it, remaining erect, and gazing with a fixed, half-vacant stare on the scene before him, as if it were all a dream.

The general, however, as soon as he recovered his self-possession—for he saw—and deeply felt—what a change was wrought in the old man's appearance—broke the subject, by saying,

"Deep, irreparable, and undeserved, as is the injury that has been inflicted on you, and for which no amends on my part can atone, you must allow that in a great measure you have been the cause of it, by not at the time submitting to the ordeal which every one else present readily underwent. Had I requested to search you *alone* you might justly have felt indignant; but the measure was not even proposed by me, but by one higher in rank, both military and noble, than myself; and you would have proved as innocent as he or I, without having entailed on me the lasting misery of remembering that I have inflicted such a punishment on an innocent man as you have undergone—a recollection that will haunt me on my death-bed—and on yourself, the anguish of the past."

"Sire!" returned the veteran, but his voice faltered audibly, "I did not take the snuff-box, as you

and all around me are now fully aware; but nevertheless I was a THIEF.

"Yes, God forgive me! and I trust he has, as I believe you all will. In the midst of the dinner, when the mirth was at the highest, and when every one's attention seemed to be engaged, I took advantage of the moment to slip a part of the contents of my plate between some bread beside me, and when no eyes were upon me, I secreted it in my pocket. None of my family nor myself had tasted meat for days, aye, *long* days past! and I had more that day before me than would have saved my darling children from the grave! *I was a thief!* My whole pittance had for months been swallowed up by the illness of my family, and what was given to me, I had secretly purloined for them. My days on earth are short. I care not to confess all. My gray hairs have come in sorrow to the grave, and little reck it what befalls me *now*. This is the reason I stole away like a thief rather than be searched, and dearly have I paid the penalty attending *THE PERILS OF THE POOR.*"

The old man ceased; but the sobs that burst forth around told how deeply his tale had entered the hearts of his hearers.

Spontaneously the whole host arose, and thronged around him. Kind words—noble promises—sweet condolences—from the noble, the brave, the fair, were showered on the veteran's head, but, alas!—like a soft song in the tempest—they fell unheard—unheeded.

A cottage on the estate, fitted with every luxury, was urged on his acceptance—the arrears of pay made up—all that wealth could offer, or contrition devise, was placed at his disposal—but *it came too late!*

The silver chord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken!—aye, shattered past redemption!

The old church trees were budding forth in spring, and glad birds carolled on their new-leaved branches, and a crowd had gathered round the church-yard gate, dressed in their best habiliments

HUSH!—'t is the old man's funeral!

Toll on! thou mournful Herald to Eternity!—thou hast carried anguish to his soul ere this—but *now* he hears thee not!

His old sword rests upon the coffin-lid Ah!—bear him gently to his grave, in life so roughly handled!

The bell has ceased—the earth is closed again—the tearful crowd has gone.

Peace! peace to him who sleeps beneath the turf!

His character reestablished among men—he has gone to meet his God!

From the United Service Magazine.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN AND DEATH OF HOFER,  
THE TYROLESE PATRIOT AND HERO.

WRITTEN BY HIS ADJUTANT AND SECRETARY.

AFTER I had finished my studies at Saltzbourg, I repaired to Inspruck with the intention of becoming a monk, and applied for admission into a convent of Capuchins, but as they would not consent to receive me into the order till after a year's probation, I set off for Italy. On arriving at Newmarket, I met the Austrian troops retreating, and was obliged either to stop there or retrace my steps. Some clergymen, whom I consulted, advised me to go and see Hofer, who being master of the country, could alone give me a passport. I therefore set out for Passey, where I found Hofer; he looked at me for some time in silence, and then said in a friendly tone. "You have been a student, and you wish to travel, but it is better for you to remain with me." He then took me by the hand, and I consented to stay with him. He immediately appointed me his secretary, showed me much kindness, and called me by the familiar name of Dönninger. I pass over all the events of the war in which I took an active part, and shall confine myself to those circumstances attending Hofer's last visit to Passey, his flight into the mountains, his capture, and the last moments of his life. I was the only one who shared in all his sufferings; I was present at his death, and am therefore enabled to take up the narration of his life where his adjutant left it off, and continue it to the end.

After the several actions fought during the months of November and December, 1810, our resistance became unavailing from the overwhelming force of the enemy, and Hofer, abandoned by his troops, was compelled to return home; but even there, there was neither safety nor repose for him. The second morning after our arrival at Sand, as we were seated in his little dark room, a peasant, armed with a carbine entered and said, "Well, Anders Hofer, what's to be done? Three thousand French are coming over the Jaufen, what can we do to them? Have you the courage to do like me! If you are not man enough to attempt something, I declare to you that my carbine shall do justice upon you as well as upon the French. It was you began the dance, and you must finish it." Not a little astonished at the peasant's address, we tried to pacify him, but in vain, for he became every moment more outrageous, saying, "that all the country was of his opinion, that they all expected Hofer to put himself again at their head—that the Tyrolese were still the same—the circumstances the same, and that he (Hofer) ought to be the same." Hofer was embarrassed and hesitated, for he had under him only about 100 riflemen, until, excited by the eager cries of the people who crowded round the house, he determined to make another effort. "Go, Dönninger," said he, "and draw up another proclamation." The next morning the proclamation was published; and Hofer saw himself surrounded by numbers. The French appeared, a fight took place, we had a great number of wounded, and were obliged to give way before a superior force; we retreated towards evening. Antony Wilt, who had been a servant of Hofer's, showed us where a cannon lay buried, we took it up, charged it, and fired it in the direction of St. Leonard, at the same time that fires were lighted upon the summits of all the neighboring moun-

tains. The French seeing on a sudden such a number of fires along the range of mountains, and hearing the report of our cannon, imagined that an imposing force was approaching, and surrendered themselves to us to the number of 1200 men; the remainder retreated and were pursued by us over the Jaufen. On this occasion the men of Passey gave many proofs of heroism. One peasant in particular killed with his own hands eight Frenchmen, who had taken refuge in the court-house of St. Leonard, and who defended themselves with the courage of despair. As it became necessary to remove our French prisoners to a distance, we having no means of keeping them in the valley of Passey, the men of that valley were formed into an escort, with orders to conduct their prisoners to some distance beyond Meran, and there release them. Hofer, with only a few followers, remained at Sand.

In the afternoon Hofer was in his cellar occupied amongst his wine barrels, so little fear had he of being surprised, when I saw a French corps coming over the Jaufenberg. I ran to tell him, and found him with a barrel full of wine uplifted in his hand, in which position he remained for some time motionless, so astonished was he by the news. Though my thoughts were otherwise deeply occupied, I could not help remarking the prodigious strength of the man. At length he said, "What's to be done, the enemy is at our door, and we are alone!" he then quitted the cellar, and went up on the roof his house to see what was passing at a distance. "Is it possible," he cried, "that these can all be French?" In fact, it was like a vast camp that extended from St. Leonard to Sand. "Go, Dönninger," said he, "go and reconnoitre." He then went to the stable and filled the hoofs of his little black horse with rags, and giving me his two excellent pistols, he said, with a very serious air, "Mount this horse and make haste back." By means of the precaution taken by Hofer, I was enabled to proceed for some time in silence, but the rags soon falling from the horse's hoofs, the clattering of his feet over the stony road became too loud not to attract attention; I met two peasants who cautioned me not to go any further, for "the enemy," they said, "were everywhere, and even some of their videttes were already posted on our side of the bridge." I, however, continued to advance towards the bridge, when a sentinel challenged me thrice; I made no answer, but turned down the bank of the river. After the third *qui vive* the sentinel fired upon me, and I discharged one of my pistols at him in return, and fled.

Hofer, who still entertained his favorite notion that these troops were Austrians coming to his aid, was at length undeceived by my report, and making up his mind at once, quitted his house. We ascended that night to the top of Kellerlahn, where we found a place of concealment. As there had been a heavy fall of snow, our march was a most wearisome one, and at the end of it we fell into a profound sleep. At the break of day we arose and saw the French traversing the valley below us to the number of 4000, as nearly as we could calculate. The same morning we continued our flight as far as the house of a faithful friend of Hofer's at Brandach. There we met with a cordial reception, and passed the day in comfort and security. In the evening two Capuchin friars came to the house and said they were sent by Baraguay d'Hilliers to get from Hofer an engagement not to undertake anything more against the French. Hofer gave them a writing to that effect, but judg-

ing from their arrival that this house was no longer a safe retreat for him, we went up amongst the higher passes of the mountain to a *châlet* in the forest of Drahwald, belonging to the farmer at whose house we had been. Before quitting the farm-house Hofer thought it best to separate himself from his family, and send them into the interior of the valley of Passey. He took an affectionate leave of his wife and five children, who, accompanied by a servant, set out for the Schneeberg, whilst he and I, our hearts filled with sorrow, began climbing the mountain. I carried a box filled with flour and lard. On the way, as we felt hungry, Hofer went into the hut of a poor woman to whom he was unknown, and said, "Let me cook some victuals, for we are hungry!" After I had opened my box and taken out some flour and lard, the governor of the Tyrol, the terror of the French, and General Barbon, as he was called, put the ingredients into the frying pan, and in a short time tossed up a pancake, which we ate with no little relish. Invigorated by this repast, we resumed our march, and arrived at the *châlet*, which we found in rather a ruinous state, as is generally the case in winter. Its only furniture was a crib for the cattle's fodder, and a small quantity of hay and straw, but on a closer examination we found, to our no little surprise, concealed in a corner, twelve muskets, five of which were loaded. Our first care was to render the hut somewhat less uncomfortable. We stopped up the crevices with moss, and then collected some firewood. The crib served us for a writing-desk and dining table, and in one corner of the *châlet* were our beds of hay. In this manner we passed some weeks without being molested. The friend to whom the *châlet* belonged sent us two of his laborers, whom Hofer called his orderly officers. They brought us provisions, and carried on a correspondence between Hofer and his friends. By their means we had letters circulated, announcing that Hofer had luckily escaped, and was then in Vienna. Thinking ourselves separated from and forgotten by the rest of the world, we lived in a state of entire security, when one day our tranquillity was disturbed by seeing several men making their way through the snow in the direction of our hut, where they soon arrived. They proved to be Tyrolese refugees, who were endeavoring to escape into Austria, and came to ask Hofer for money and certificates to show that they had been his followers. Hofer granted their request, though their visit was far from being a welcome one. There was the risk of their being arrested, and of their making known his retreat.

At times, for the sake of exercise and amusement, we climbed higher up the mountains in search of game. From the heights we often saw the French in the valleys, and returned to our hut filled with alarm. At the end of two months we were surprised by the arrival of Hofer's wife and family. Their place of concealment on the Schneeberg had been betrayed, and a party of French troops had been sent to take them prisoners; but their march was so obstructed by the great depth of the snow, that they were obliged to employ a number of peasants to clear a path for them. These honest peasants, resolved to do everything in their power to prevent the capture of Hofer's family, led the French into the most dangerous and difficult passes, and worked so slowly at the clearing away of the snow, that the French party gave up the attempt and returned to the main body.

Soon after the arrival of Hofer's family at the *châlet*, he sent his four daughters, Mary, Rose, Anne, and Gertrude, to St. Martin, at the other side of the valley, keeping only his son John with him. The disclosure of the retreat of his family gave rise naturally to new fears for his own safety, and made him think of other means of escaping the dangers that threatened himself and them. He dictated to me a letter for the Emperor Francis, in which he begged him to send him his orders, and give him, if possible, some aid and consolation. He also described the critical position in which he was placed, and the impossibility of remaining much longer in it without being discovered. His faithful servant, John Wild, took care of this despatch, and set off for Vienna, carrying along with him our prayers and blessings.

Though we were now suffering from the increased severity of the winter, and the greater dreariness of our solitude, yet we bore these afflictions with patience, as these very circumstances added to our security. All the ravines and gorges of the mountain were filled with snow, and even those best acquainted with the country could not reach our hut without exposing themselves to the most imminent hazards; in fact, for some time, no one ventured to come near us but our two orderly officers, as we called them. By little and little we became accustomed to our situation. We had our daily occupations, which consisted in clearing away the snow from before our *châlet*, cutting firewood, cooking our meals, killing game, and smoking our pipes. Everything was profoundly tranquil around us, and, at length, we became so ourselves. We began to look forward to the coming of spring, when we hoped that Hofer, by cutting of his long beard, which would so easily betray him, and traversing the chain of mountains upon which we were, might escape into Austria. We felt little anxiety about the return of Wild, resting our hopes rather upon a change of the season and the favor of Heaven.

We were startled one day from this state of calm expectation by seeing a man climbing the mountain in the direction of our retreat. We looked through a crevice in the wall, and recognized a peasant named Joseph Rafael, who owned a *châlet* higher up the mountain. Hofer told me to put out the fire, but it was too late, for the eyes of Rafael had been for some time fixed upon the smoke that rose from our hut. Were it curiosity, or a want to rest himself, he came direct to our *châlet*, and soon stood before us. Hofer received him kindly, and the pipes being lighted, we entered into a friendly conversation. Rafael, we knew, was a distressed man, and had not the best reputation in the country. Hofer's cordiality was therefore only feigned, and he sought for means to secure the fidelity of his unwelcome visitor. When about to leave us, Hofer said to him, that, understanding he was not in good circumstances, he begged him to accept a small sum of money; but the other refused, and quitted the hut, and shortly after we saw him descending the mountain, drawing after him a sledge filled with hay.

From that moment the fears of Hofer went on increasing, till they became almost agonizing. He had a presentiment, which he found it impossible to suppress, that this Rafael would betray him. He sent off a second messenger to the Emperor Francis, without waiting for the return of the first. I urged him to set out himself for Austria. The valley of Savn was not far from us, from which it



would be easy to reach that of Puster, by crossing the Alps of Ritten and the valley of Wipp. But an unaccountable irresolution had taken possession of his mind; he appeared to be chained to the spot where fate was to overtake him. His mission was fulfilled.

The 26th of January, 1810, Hofer sent off his second messenger, and we passed a part of the day after in discussing what other measures were best to adopt, particularly with regard to his flight. Our servants were absent, having gone to procure provisions, with which they were to return the next day. After our usual occupations, and our evening meal, we retired to bed in security—Hofer and his wife slept in the cow-house, and his son and I in the hay-loft over it. On the morning of the 28th I was suddenly awakened by an unusual noise, and, on listening, heard the crackling of the snow, as if trod on by numerous feet. I jumped up, and saw that the stars were still sparkling in the sky. Judging that this noise could not have been made by our servants returning with the provisions, as they had intended to go and hear mass at St. Martin, I roused up Hofer's son, saying, "Here are the French!" He threw himself out of bed, and, on looking out, we saw a detachment of soldiers in front of the chalet. As there was no chance of escape on that side, we got out by the rear, in order to hide in the deep snow. The instinct of self-preservation was so prompt and strong, that I cannot now recollect if in that moment I thought of Hofer; however, I can prove that on all other occasions where his life was in danger, I kept by him at the risk of my own. We had scarcely touched the ground before we were seized, for the chalet was surrounded. Our hands and feet were bound with cords, and we were thrown upon the snow near the hut. Hofer, warned by the noise, rose, opened the door of the chalet, stepped outside, and in a firm tone of voice asked, "Who is there amongst you that speaks German?" The officer commanding the party advanced. "You are come," said Hofer in a loud voice, "to arrest me. Here I am; do what you will with me, for I am guilty, but I ask for mercy for my wife, my child, and this young man, for they are innocent." The officer ordered Hofer and his wife to be bound with cords in the same manner as we had been. The soldiers performed the task like hangmen, and with unnecessary brutality. They struck and kicked Hofer, and tore his beard with such violence that the blood spouted forth, and becoming quickly congealed by the cold, covered his face with a mass of red ice. It was a most piteous sight.

When we were brought close to Hofer to be led off together, he said to us in a voice of deep emotion—"Pray to God, be constant, and suffer with patience; by this means you will extricate yourselves."

Thus, after eight weeks passed on the mountain, amidst hopes and fears, we were carried as prisoners into the valley, and thence to Meran; we entered by the gate of Passer; all the people ran into their houses to lament over our wretched fate; our misery was too great for them to behold; and the noisy military music, that preceded the cannons by which we were escorted, the barbarous treatment inflicted on us by the soldiers, and their horrid and unceasing imprecations, combined to raise the terror of the people to its utmost height wherever we passed. The soldiers, who were Italians, seemed to have been strangers to every feeling of humanity. The same consternation took possession of the

people of Botzen, and it was only at Trent, that the populace showed signs of exultation as we passed. Hofer alone wore boots; I and the other prisoners were barefooted, and had suffered much from the cold and sore feet, which were covered almost entirely with lacerations. On being led, for the first time, into a warm room, in Botzen, our sufferings became intolerable. A doctor ordered us to put our feet in pounded ice, the torture occasioned by which cannot be described in words; and these torments were still further increased, by the cruel tightness of the ropes, with which our hands and bodies were bound. General Baraguay D'Hilliers, on seeing the miserable plight in which we were, flew into a violent passion, and stamped with rage, at our having been so barbarously used—from that moment we were treated with some humanity.

Before quitting Botzen, Hofer was separated from his wife and son. The night before his departure, they took farewell of each other in the most affectionate and heart-rending manner. I alone remained to him his faithful companion even unto death, for I had then no other desire than to die with him.

On arriving at Mantua, we were confined in the same dungeon of the fortress. My weak temperament was rapidly sinking under the effects of fatigue and distress of mind, and my feet were still so covered with sores, that I could not stand up, but lay on the ground bewailing our hopeless destiny. On some of those occasions Hofer used to raise me in his vigorous arms, call me his faithful Dönninger, as in happier days, and in this manner carry me up and down the dungeon for hours together. His confidence in the Holy Virgin never for a moment forsook him. Five times a day did he count his rosary, and engaged me to do the same. The people of Mantua showed great sympathy in our misfortunes, and allowed us to want for nothing, and, as I had been told, the municipality offered 5000 scudi to the government of the fortress to spare the life of Hofer. The military commandant offered Hofer his pardon, on condition of entering the service of France, but he constantly refused, preferring death to such a boon.

He awaited with calmness and resignation his fate, though knowing that it was fast approaching.

About midnight on the 19th and 20th of February, we were suddenly aroused from sleep by the entrance into our dungeon of the seven officers who formed the court-martial, accompanied by the jailer and master of the irons. I was ordered to be led into another dungeon. With eyes streaming with tears, I took farewell of Hofer, who maintained his wonted firmness at this trying moment. The cell I was taken to was separated from that of Hofer by a narrow corridor, and from it I could see through a little wicket in the door what passed in his cell. There I remained watching what took place until the officers quitted the heroic Hofer, when I threw myself on the bed, but could not sleep, for what I had seen left me no doubt of his fate.

The dim gray light of morning had scarcely penetrated my prison, when I heard the noise of footsteps in the corridor, and the clanking of the jailer's keys. Trembling in every limb, I ran and placed myself at the wicket. The door of Hofer's cell was opened, and two priests were admitted. After a long time, the door again was opened, and he who appeared to be the principal of the priests came out, and was conducted into my prison. This clergyman, who was the Archpriest of Mantua, brought me, from Hofer, some money, his will, and the following lines, written by him, in pencil:—"My dear

Cajetan—accept this, the only remnant of fortune I possess. Pray to God for me, for at 11 o'clock I am to die." I threw myself on the ground, crying and sobbing, and demanding to be led to death with my friend.

It was with a shuddering of horror that I listened to the striking of the great clock of the fortress. As 10 o'clock struck, the corridor became filled with persons. I heard the roll of the drums, and the tramp of the soldiers, as they marched into the prison, and lined the passages. The words of command, the measured tread of the troops, and the clashing of arms, filled my soul with anguish, in this the last moment of one of the bravest and most generous-hearted of men. I remained as if nailed to the door, with my eyes fixed upon the opposite one, which still remained closed. It was with a hysterical swelling of the heart that I heard the clock strike the quarters; a cold sweat covered my body, my breathing became difficult, and the thought, that all hope of safety for Hofer was gone, took from me the use of my senses.

After the three-quarters had struck, the door opened, and Hofer, having at his side the Archpriest,\* and behind him the others, came forth. He walked slowly up the corridor—I continued to pray and listen, until a discharge of musketry burst on my ear, and I fell nearly senseless to the earth. I heard that Hofer himself gave the word to "fire," that he was not killed by the first volley, and that it became necessary to put an end to his agony by a *coup de grace*. This took place at Mantua, on the 20th February, 1810, at 11 o'clock, A.M. It was said that a pardon for Hofer was received next day.

I was removed from prison and sent to Corsica, where I was compelled to serve in a light infantry regiment. I took, however, the earliest opportunity to desert, and fortunately got safe back to my own country. Near Botzen, a peasant who recognized me ran after me, calling out my name. He told me that the wretch who betrayed Hofer, had been forced to fly into Bavaria, where an obscure situation under government was given him, and that the price set by the French on the head of Hofer had never been paid him; whilst for his vile treachery he incurred the hatred and execrations of the people of the Tyrol. His own countrymen of the valley of Passy would not suffer him to remain amongst them. I have no reason to withhold his name, for every child in the Tyrol knows it, and it is besides an act of justice to make it known, in order to clear the character of a priest named Douay, who was wrongly suspected of the infamous act. The traitor was that same Rafael who discovered us in the chalet—who smoked a pipe in friendly confidence with us, and to whom Hofer had offered money. May eternal infamy rest upon his name!

On the 30th of May, 1816, when the Emperor Francis received the homage of his faithful Tyrolese, Aloys Weissenbach, a popular poet, wrote the following lines upon Hofer:—

Ihr merdet frisch erblühenich mussmodem  
Nichts als das eine hab ich noch zufodern.  
Franz eine Schanful erde von Tyrol.

"May you still continue to bloom and flourish, whilst I am but a mouldering heap of ashes. All

\* The clergyman called by the author Archpriest, was the Prior Manifesti, of Mantua, who, after Hofer's death, said of him: "Con somma mia consolazione ed edificazione ho ammirato un uomo, che è andato alla morte, come un eroe cristiano e l'ha sostenuto come martiro intrepido."

I ask of you, Frances, is a shovelful of Tyrolese earth."

This wish has since been accomplished.

**INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF CORK.**—In taking down, a few years ago, in France, some portion of the ancient chateau of the Roque d'Ondres, it was found that the extremities of the oak girders, lodged in the walls, were perfectly preserved, although these timbers were supposed to have been in their places for upwards of 600 years. The whole of these extremities buried in the walls were completely wrapped round with plates of cork. When demolishing an ancient Benedictine church at Bayonne, it was found that the whole of the fir girders were entirely worm-eaten and rotten, with the exception, however, of the bearings, which, as in the case above mentioned, were also completely wrapped round with plates of cork. The fixings were completed by a layer of greasy-feeling clay, interposed between the cork and the masonry, and the parts of the walls opposite the ends of the timbers were of brick. It would be very difficult to believe that these extraordinary instances of the preservation of timber were not to be entirely attributed to the cork plates, the impermeability of which is well known, since the substance is not only used to contain different kinds of liquids, but also to close bottles containing spirituous liquors. With experience saying so much in favor of a process so simple and inexpensive, it must be acknowledged that it deserves to be tried, more particularly for buildings of which we are more than usually anxious to preserve the timbers.—*Artisan*.

**BOMBARDMENT BY MEANS OF BALLOONS.**—The Presse of Vienna has the following:—"Venice is to be bombarded by balloons, as the lagunes prevent the approach of artillery. Five balloons, each twenty-three feet in diameter, are in construction at Treviso. In a favorable wind the balloons will be launched and directed as near to Venice as possible, and on their being brought to a vertical position over the town, the fire will be given by electro magnetism. Each of the five bombs affixed to the balloon is in communication by means of a long isolated copper wire with a large galvanic battery placed on the shore. The fusee is ignited by connecting the wire. The bomb falls perpendicularly, and explodes on reaching the ground. By this means twenty-five bombs a day may be thrown, supposing the wind to be favorable. An experiment made at Treviso on the 9th, succeeded completely."

**SEA-WEED BREAD.**—Sea-weed bread, or laver cake, if not one of the delicacies, is one of the edible curiosities of the Gower coast. A great sensation was made some years ago, that thousands of the peasantry in the "wild west" of Ireland, were obliged, for some months in the year, to live mainly on sea-weed. In Gower and at Swansea, sea-weed is rather a popular article of food. Women attend Swansea market with baskets of laver cakes, which are sold at 1d. and 2d. each. This weed (*ulva porphyra laciniata*) makes an excellent ingredient in sauce for mutton. It is got close to low-water mark, washed well in sea water to free it from sand, then boiled twelve hours, and seasoned with salt. In winter it is only necessary to boil it two hours. The weed grows rapidly except in winter, and is renewed every other spring tide. It is also used in several parts of the Scottish coasts and islands, where it is called sloke or slokum.—*Book of South Wales*.

From the London Times, Jan. 25.

WHAT are we founding? What is the adult state of that which in its infancy we call a British colony? Loyal and aristocratical England, that loves and cherishes her native institutions more than life itself, fills every land and fringes every shore with democratic commonwealths. The United States are the first-born, and it can hardly be doubted that every other member of the great British family will follow in its turn that encouraging example. It is this that compels us to look for something else than we actually see in our colonial system. We are ready to grant that our new colonies are better and more British than our old ones, and that we have profited somewhat by our American experience. But we cannot divest ourselves of the thought that Australia will one day be the seat of a vast federal union, independent of this realm, possibly hostile to this nation, and exhibiting in the great southern archipelago a maritime variety of the American character and species. To look forward at all, is to despair of an agreeable or honorable result.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.—While we admire the spirit and the vigor of Lord Stanley's attack on ministers, and while, for once, we must, perforce, confess that Mr. Disraeli hit the head of the foreign-office right and left, without *the miffers* on, we appreciate, all the more, the patriotic abnegation of their sacrifice to the *manes* of protection. We cannot go so far as to say, that we think that they are both in earnest. But if the two protectionist leaders cannot look themselves, like Roman augurs, in the face without smiling, (about protection,) it cannot be denied, that, had they confined themselves to a simple censure of Lord Palmerston's "four mediations," they would have had an overwhelming majority, in both houses, against the government. Lord John Russell, on Thursday night, placed the question of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy upon very high ground. He took credit to government that they had kept at peace with foreign powers. This is as much as if he was to claim for a tumbler on a tight-rope, that he had preserved his equilibrium. We admire the skill, the force, the dexterity, the practice, and, let us add, the luck. But whenever the government comes round, (as Sir John Tyrell would say, *with a hat*,) to exact admiration, the English public will, we think, withhold its half-pence. For what was the necessity of getting upon the tight-rope at all? Why should Lord Palmerston have exposed his preternatural agility, was he ever so sure of his performance? What necessity was there "*for mediations without an object* to make the mess perfectly infernal," as Mr. Disraeli bitterly remarked? Wherefore is it that we are engaged in every paltry squabble on the continent, and yet that we have not an ally nor a friend in the world? We will venture to tell Lord John Russell. It is because we have neglected the sound counsels of one among his colleagues, which we have often of late recalled—the indignant re-

pudiation of a meddlesome policy which Lord Howick addressed to the commons of 1842. And it is also because Lord Palmerston, in the presumptuous inconsistency of his personal caprices, has chosen to forget the well-reasoned and thoughtful policy marked out for all English statesmen in that great protest of Lord Castlereagh, in 1821, which still represents public opinion in this country, (and would satisfy Mr. Cobden no less than Mr. Disraeli,) in which he protested against an *absolutist interference in the affairs of the Two Sicilies*. Lord Palmerston's own defence of himself was naturally more audacious than that of his colleagues. It consisted in protestations of exaggerated innocence, and in a long and very violent series of *tu quoques* against his opponents. He, forsooth, was all for peace—had made every effort to secure it—had actually prevented three European wars; but, on the other hand, his assailants were, as he confided to the public, really for war, and for "intervention," in spite of any motions and protestations to the contrary. In balancing this "pretty quarrel," we must say that the protectionists have greatly the best of it. For, be Lord Palmerston's words what they may, his *acts* bear a brand and a witness against him, which neither his own "ponderous levities," nor Mr. Milnes' somewhat premature cheers, will long avail him to get rid of. It was not, let us say once for all, in answer to the indecent assumption that he has kept France from aggression, (and that he alone is desirous of an alliance, which all sensible men would cherish)—it was not the persuasive counsels of Lord Normanby, with MM. Lamartine, Cavaignac, Bastide, Drouyn, which have so much effected this salutary forbearance, as the knowledge that Austria is no longer to be despised, and that Russia *will appear in Italy* with the first French soldier marched over the Alps. Let it not be forgotten, that Lord Palmerston is also crowing before he is out of the wood. Are we so sure of not having war, while he remains at the foreign-office? One thing we *are* sure of—that the Queen of England, advised by him, has no friends, nor allies, nor relations of cordial amity in Europe. And, if Lord Palmerston counts upon a French alliance, it may fail him in his hour of necessity. Even General Cavaignac is reported to have said, when he was in authority, in just suspicion of his urgent ally, "I will not permit him to make another Portuguese business of 1847 in Sicily."—*Chronicle*, 3 Feb.

WM. HENRY BARBER.

THE facts of this case are now patent to the public, and are recapitulated by the *Daily News*. One Joshua Fletcher, who described himself as a retired surgeon, filled up his leisure and his coffers by tracing the heirs to unclaimed dividends, and exacting from them a not unmerited reward. That employment he varied, when he found that true heirs were not forthcoming, by procuring false personation of the missing heirs. Such lucrative



and hazardous practice he carried on for fifteen years, until 1844, the date of his detection. He had employed Messrs. Barber and Bircham as his solicitors; they, apparently, having acted regularly enough, and being deceived as much as any other persons. In the fatal case of "Ann Slack," Barber acted; and when the accusation was first made, he very naturally if not properly shrunk from inculpating a regular client. He was included in the charge, tried, and convicted on very doubtful evidence. Bail was refused; by which he was prevented from obtaining the evidence which has since established his innocence. He was transported to the most shocking of our penal settlements—Norfolk Island. He seemed to be followed by some malevolent persecution; any one who expressed belief in his innocence was looked at askance; a letter representing his case, and addressed to the home secretary, was found unnoticed in the department of the comptroller-general of convicts; and attention was only paid to his condition, when the Rev.<sup>d</sup> Mr. Naylor, one of the chaplains of Norfolk Island, sent his own wife to England on the charitable mission of urging Barber's suit! The excellent couple so far succeeded, that Barber received a "pardon," on condition of his not returning to his native country. He went to Paris, and there was able to institute such communications with home as completed the proof of his innocence, and at last he was unconditionally "pardoned." The lawyers in the colony, the lawyers at home, the public, had anticipated the conviction of his innocence; his previous character had thrown the utmost discredit on the charges against him; his demeanor under punishment accords with the possession of a clear conscience; Mr. Naylor has formally recorded this certificate—

Norfolk Island, 3d Sept., 1845.

In leaving the island, of which I have now been for some years the chaplain, I owe to public justice the duty of recording my full conviction of the perfect innocence of William Henry Barber, now suffering on it as a prisoner under a sentence of transportation. I have, with unceasing interest, followed up a series of inquiries into circumstances connected with his case inaccessible to the court by which he was tried, and many of which have subsequently occurred. In addition, I have heard the reluctant acknowledgments of Fletcher, the guilty originator of the frauds, establishing, beyond the possibility of doubt, the innocence of Barber. My efforts shall continue for his extrication. I deeply lament his truly wretched condition here, and would gladly have seen it ameliorated. I have never known a prisoner of the crown who has been subjected to greater wretchedness; I rejoice to be able to add, I have never seen an instance of more dignified suffering, accompanied by invariably consistent conduct. It will afford me real pleasure to continue his acquaintance under happier circumstances.

(Signed,) T. BEAGLY NAYLOR.

What a preposterous and stupid result is this "pardon!" The whole affair presents the injured man in a position of dignity; the government of the nation in one of meanness. Is it to remain so? Is this great nation to be retained in the meanest

of all positions, that of refusing frank reparation for flagrant wrong?—it can hardly be. If there is no present law or machinery by which Mr. Barber can be formally and solemnly restored to that social position of which he has been oppressively deprived, his case, the most flagrant, ought to be the last in which an innocent man is insulted with "pardon," the first provided for by a new law to bring such cases within the domain of justice. Indeed, no general law can fairly meet the wrong that has been heaped upon him through the obstinate neglect of the responsible authorities. Let them inquire, if they please, into any remaining doubt; but, having inquired, let full reparation for the injury to fortune and station be compensated with a generous usance.—*Spectator*.

From the London Chronicle.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

THE present victory is one essentially of Taylor over Cass—not of whigs over democrats. But there are, nevertheless, certain leading ideas of policy which have been put forward, with sufficient prominence, by the victorious party, and which, as in some degree sanctioned by their triumph, it is worth while to consider.

Of these, by far the most prominent and the most important is that of peace against war, of industrial progress against extension of territory. The favorite motto of the Taylor party is, "We stand on our own soil;" and we are glad to think that *that* question, at least, is settled for some time to come, not by the victory of General Taylor, but by the expression of feeling and opinion which the contest elicited. The wonder, indeed, is, how it could become a question at all. Never was such a field of *peaceful* conquest opened by nature to any people, and never, to do them justice, did any people make a more vigorous use of its advantages. Sea and land conspire to invite and reward the labors of the Americans. Their commerce is extending itself over the old world, their colonization over the new. While they are preparing to bridge the Pacific with steam, and to compete with British capitalists in the markets of the East, their pioneers are crowding to gather a golden harvest in the streams of California and the mountains of Mexico, and Congress is considering proposals to construct a railroad from the Missouri to the Columbia. With such a field before them—with hardly a rival, or even a formidable neighbor, and with every prospect of becoming, by the mere force of circumstances, the most powerful, as well as the most prosperous, nation in the world—that Americans should think of making war, for war's sake, is the most singular proof on record of democratic insanity; for the same geographical and political conditions which contribute to the growth of their greatness, would make an aggressive policy, on their part, not only inefficient, but suicidal. A population, at once dispersed and democratic, is necessarily averse both to taxation and discipline. It may, therefore, be brave and

warlike, but it will never be formidable for purposes of offence. With the second commercial position in the world, the navy of the United States consists only of 78 ships, of all classes and stages of construction, of which only eleven are steamers; while her enormous extent of frontier is defended by a regular army of about 8,000 men. It is obvious that, with such military resources, and a virtual incapacity for recruiting them in time for efficient action, war, with any powerful maritime nation, would not only be fatal to the prosperity of the American Union, but would lead, probably, to its entire dissolution. It is matter, therefore, of solid satisfaction to all who are interested, like ourselves, in the prosperity of America, to think that the lesson taught, at the price of £25,000,000 sterling, by the Mexican war, has not been thrown away upon her, and that she is not about to play the part of a fire-brand among the nations of the earth.

With regard to the slavery question, General Taylor, though a slave-holder, and conservative of "existing institutions," is, with the whig party generally, adverse to their extension into new soil; and it was used as an argument in his favor, with the northern abolitionists, that his influence in the south would probably insure the success of their resistance to that extension. Especially is he pledged to offer no opposition to the expected decision of Congress against the introduction of slaves into New Mexico and California. It is curious, indeed, that the whig party are strong advocates for what we should call the "constitutional" doctrine with respect to the *veto*, not only on this point, but generally; and that a well-grounded apprehension lest Mr. Cass should exercise it (as Jackson and Polk have done) in deference to the opinions of the low democracy, and in opposition to the existing legislature, has contributed largely towards his failure.

Of the much-talked of increasing in the tariff, we confess that we have very little fear. On this, as on most other questions, the democratic mind is in a state of perpetual fluctuation. In 1833 a free trade system was agreed upon, in 1842 one of protection, in 1846 there was a unanimous revulsion in favor of free trade, and now we are told that the tide is again turning towards protection. It is not likely that, with such experience, American capitalists will invest their money in branches of industry which depend on the popular breath for a factitious existence; and it is probable, therefore, that an increasing population will soon again exert their dormant and scattered strength, and insist on the downfall of class-legislation at once and forever.

#### THE MELUNGENS.

[We are sorry to have lost the name of the southern paper from which this is taken.]

WE give to-day another amusing and characteristic sketch from a letter of our intelligent and sprightly correspondent, sojourning at present in

one of the seldom-visited nooks hid away in our mountains.

You must know that within some ten miles of this owl's nest, there is a watering-place, known hereabouts as "Black-water Springs." It is situated in a narrow gorge, scarcely half a mile wide, between Powell's Mountain and the Copper Ridge, and is, as you may suppose, almost inaccessible. A hundred men could defend the pass against even a Xerxian army. Now this gorge and the tops and sides of the adjoining mountains are inhabited by a singular species of the human animal called MELUNGENS.

The legend of their history, which they carefully preserve, is this. A great many years ago, these mountains were settled by a society of Portuguese adventurers, men and women—who came from the *long-shore* parts of Virginia, that they might be freed from the restraints and drawbacks imposed upon them by any form of government. These people made themselves friendly with the Indians, and freed, as they were, from every kind of social government, they uprooted all conventional forms of society, and lived in a *delightful* Utopia of their own creation, trampling upon the marriage relation, despising all forms of religion, and subsisting upon corn (the only possible product of the soil) and the game of the woods. These intermixed with the Indians, and subsequently their descendants (after the first advances of the whites into this part of the state) with the negroes and the whites, thus forming the present race of Melungens. They are tall, straight, well-formed people, of a dark copper color, with Circassian features, but woolly heads and other similar appendages of our negro. They are privileged voters in the state in which they live, and thus, you will perceive, are accredited citizens of the commonwealth. They are brave, but quarrelsome; and are hospitable and generous to strangers. They have no preachers among them, and are almost without any knowledge of a Supreme Being. They are married by the established forms, but husband and wife separate at pleasure, without meeting with any reproach or disgrace from their friends. They are remarkably unchaste, and want of chastity on the part of the females is no bar to their marrying. They have but little association with their neighbors, carefully preserving their identity as a race, or class, or whatever you may call it; and are in every respect, save that they are under the state government, a separate and distinct people. Now this is no traveller's story. They are really what I tell you, without abating or setting down aught in malice. They are behind their neighbors in the arts. They use oxen instead of horses in their agricultural attempts, and their implements of husbandry are chiefly made by themselves of wood. They are, without exception, poor and ignorant, but apparently happy.

Having thus given you a correct geographical and scientific history of the people, I will proceed with my own adventures.

The doctor was, as usual, my *compagnon de voyage*, and we stopped at "Old Vardy's," the hostelry of the vicinage. Old Vardy is the "chief cook and bottle-washer" of the Melungens, and is really a very clever fellow; but his hotel savors strongly of that peculiar perfume that one may find in the sleeping-rooms of our negro servants, especially on a close, warm, summer's evening. We arrived at Vardy's in time for supper, and, that despatched, we went to the spring, where were assembled sev-

eral rude log huts, and a small sprinkling of "the natives," together with a fiddle and other preparations for a dance. Shoes, stockings, and coats were unknown luxuries among them—at least we saw them not.

The dance was engaged in with right hearty good will, and would have put to the blush the tame steppings of our beaux. Among the participants was a very tall, raw-boned damsel, with her two garments fluttering readily in the amorous night breeze, whose black eyes were lit up with an unusual fire, either from repeated visits to the nearest hut, behind the door of which was placed an open-mouthed stone jar of new-made corn whiskey, and in which was a gourd, with a "deuce a bit" of sugar at all, and no water nearer than the spring. Nearest her on the right was a lank, lantern-jawed, high-cheeked, long-legged fellow, who seemed similarly elevated. Now these two, Jord Bilson, (that was he,) and Syl Varmin, (that was she,) were destined to afford the amusement of the evening; for Jord, in cutting the pigeon-wing, chanced to light from one of his aerial flights right upon the ponderous pedal appendage of Syl, a compliment which this amiable lady seemed in no way disposed to accept kindly.

"Jord Bilson," said the tender Syl, "I'll thank you to keep your darned hoofs off my feet."

"Oh, Jord's feet are so tarnal big he can't manage 'em all by hisself," suggested some pacificator near by.

"He'll have to keep 'em off me," suggested Syl, "or I'll shorten 'em for him."

"Now look ye here, Syl Varmin," answered Jord, somewhat nettled at both remarks, "I did n't go to tread on your feet, but I don't want you to be cutting up any rusties about it. You're nothing but a cross-grained critter, anyhow."

"And you're a darned Melungen."

"Well, if I am, I aint *nigger-Melungen*, anyhow—I'm *Indian-Melungen*, and that's more 'an you is."

"See here, Jord," said Syl, now highly nettled, "I'll give you a dollar ef you'll go out on the grass and fight it out."

Jord smiled faintly and demurred, adding—"Go home, Syl, and look under your puncheons and see ef you can't fill a bed outen the hair of them hogs you stole from Vardy."

"And you go to Sow's cave, Jord Bilson, ef it comes to that, and see how many shucks you got offen that corn you tuck from Pete Jomen. Will you take the dollar?"

Jord now seemed about to consent, and Syl reduced the premium by one half, and finally came down to a quarter, and then Jord began to offer a quarter, a half, and finally a dollar; but Syl's prudence equalled his, and seeing that neither was likely to accept, we returned to our hotel, and were informed by old Vardy that the sight we had witnessed was no "onusual one. The boys and gals was jist having a little fun."

And so it proved, for about midnight we were wakened by a loud noise of contending parties in fierce combat, and, rising and looking out from the chinks of our hut, we saw the whole party engaged in a grand melee; rising above the din of all which, was the harsh voice of Syl Varmin, calling out—

"Stand back here, Sal Frazer, and let me do the rest of the beaten of Jord Bilson; I haint forgot his hoofs yit."

The melee closed, and we retired again, and by breakfast next morning all hands were reconciled,

and the stone jar was replenished out of the mutual pocket, and peace and quiet ruled where so lately all had been recriminations and blows.

After breakfast, just such as the supper had been at old Jack's, save only that here we *had* a table, we started for Clinch river for a day's fishing, where other and yet more amusing incidents awaited us. But as I have dwelt upon this early part of the journey longer than I intended, you must wait till the next letter for the concluding incidents.

**CHEERS AND HISSES.**—Applause already has its shades and distinctions—from the gentle swell of reverberation that grows amid the pauses of the baized and philosophical theatre of the London College of Surgeons, to the one ponderous thundering boom of applause that ends the silence into which Jenny Lind's last note fades—as, after the long lull and the shrill music of the receding wave the huge gathered billow thunders upon the sea-beach. But even applause is often chaotic and discordant; and as for "disapprobation"—New Zealanders yell and stick out their tongues before fighting; Englishmen do it before an election.

Now, why not convey their sentiments with more decorum? It would be quite easy, on the plan of a choral meeting. Managers of elections should invoke the aid of Mr. John Hullah, and induce him to furnish public sentiments in a symmetrical form, on the principles of Wilhem. It would be quite easy for a crowd to signify its approbation in four parts—quite easy and much more expressive; quite easy for Mr. Hullah to set an enraged multitude to music—quite easy and much more dramatic. Indeed, the effect would be very fine, instead of being very foolish.—*Spectator*.

**TESTIMONIAL IN HONOR OF THE ETHER DISCOVERY.**—The commission of the French Academy of Sciences, appointed to consider the claims of various individuals to the discovery of Etherization, being unanimously of opinion that the discovery belongs exclusively to Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of this city, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the republic of France, publicly decreed to our fellow-citizen, Dr. C. T. Jackson, on the 31st of January last, in the "Champ de Mars," the cross of the legion of honor, instituted by the late Emperor Napoleon, as a reward for distinguished civil, military, literary, and scientific services.

We believe this is the first instance of this honor having been conferred upon an American citizen.—*Boston Traveller*.

#### UNPUBLISHED SONNET.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WHILE I survey the long and deep and wide  
Expanse of Time—the Past with things that were  
Thronged in dark multitude—the Future bare  
As the void sky when not a star beside  
The thin pale moon is seen—the Race that died  
While yet the families of earth were rare,  
And human kind had but a little share  
Of the world's heritage, before me glide  
All dim and silent. Now with sterner mien,  
Heroic Shadows, names renowned in song,  
Rush by. And, decked with garlands ever green,  
In light and music sweep the Bards along—  
And many a fair, and many a well-known face,  
All in the Future dive, and blend with empty space.



# CONTENTS OF No. 254.

1. Management of an English Railway,	- - - Quarterly Review,	- - - 597
2. The Lost Snuff Box,	- - - New Monthly Magazine,	- - - 607
3. Last Campaign and Death of Hofer,	- - - United Service Magazine,	- - - 612
4. Foreign Miscellany; Colonization; British Foreign Policy; Wm. Henry Barber; The United States,	- - - Times, - - - Chronicle, - - - Spectator,	- - - 616
5. The Melungeons,	- - - South Carolina Paper,	- - - 618

POETRY.—Sonnet by Hartley Coleridge, 619.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Platina Metal; Spar; The Closing Scene; Wonderful Inventions, 606. Cork for Building; Bombardment from Balloons; Sea Weed Bread, 615.—Cheers and Hisses; Honor to Dr. Jackson, 619.

PROSPECTUS.—THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—THE LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	. . .	\$20 00
Nine " "	. . .	\$40 00
Twelve " "	. . .	\$60 00

Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

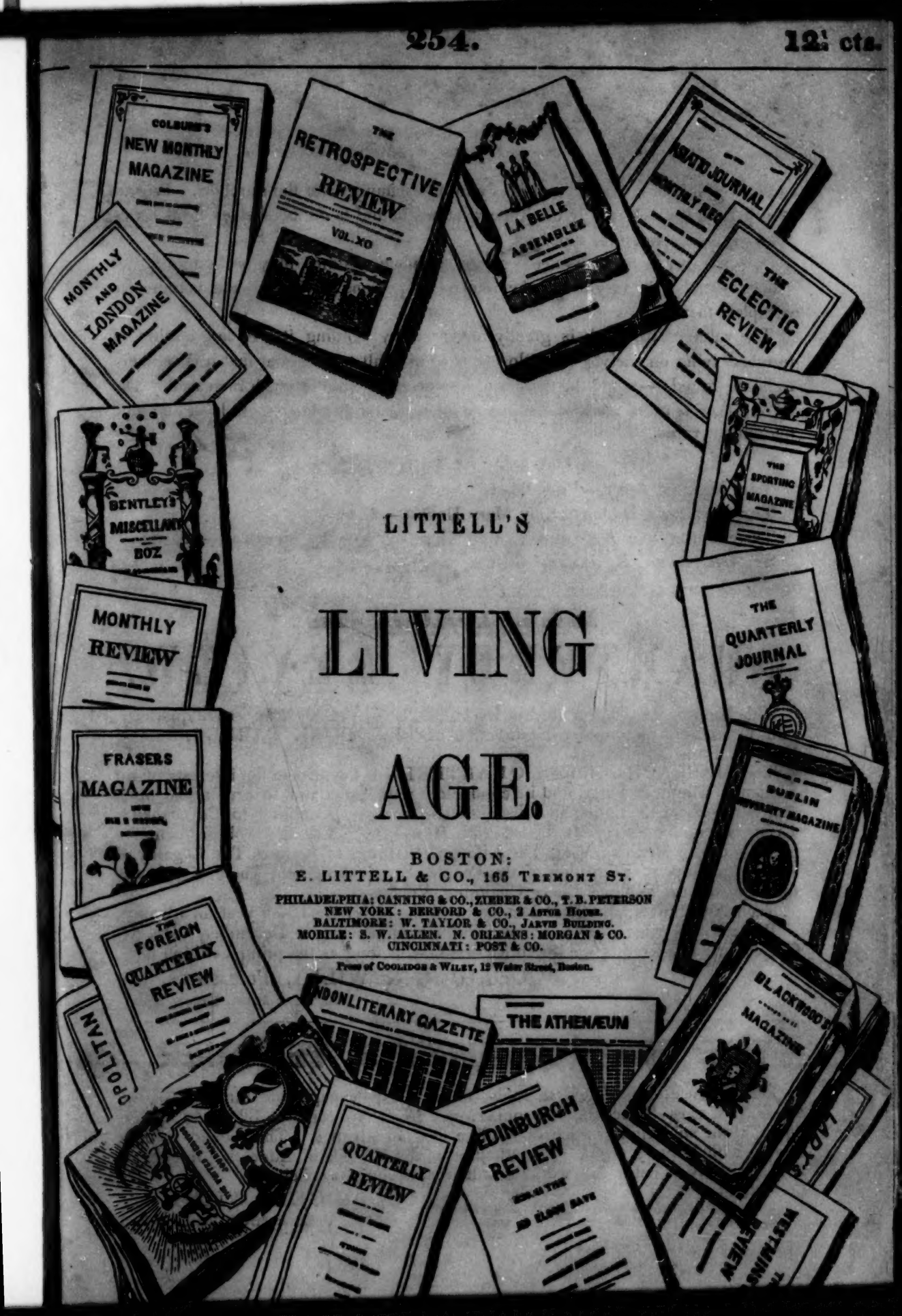
A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 1½ cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

On all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

J. Q. ADAMS.



The advertisement is framed by a collage of various magazine covers. At the top left, 'COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE' is visible. Below it is 'MONTHLY AND LONDON MAGAZINE'. To the right, 'THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW VOL. X' features a landscape illustration. Further right is 'LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE'. At the top right, 'THE JOURNAL' and 'THE ECLECTIC REVIEW' are shown. On the left side, 'BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY' with a decorative border and 'MONTHLY REVIEW' are visible. Below them is 'FRASERS MAGAZINE' with a floral design. At the bottom left, 'THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW' and 'POPULAR LITERARY' are partially seen. In the center, the main title 'LITTELL'S LIVING AGE' is prominently displayed. To its right, 'THE SPORTING MAGAZINE' and 'THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL' are shown. Below the main title, a list of agents for various cities is provided. At the bottom, 'THE ATHENAEUM', 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE', 'EDINBURGH REVIEW', and 'THE LITERARY GAZETTE' are visible among other partially obscured covers.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

BOSTON:  
E. LITTELL & CO., 165 TREMONT ST.  
PHILADELPHIA: CANNING & CO., ZIEGLER & CO., T. B. PETERSON  
NEW YORK: HERFORD & CO., 2 ASTOR HOUSE.  
BALTIMORE: W. TAYLOR & CO., JARVIS BUILDING.  
MOBILE: S. W. ALLEN. N. ORLEANS: MORGAN & CO.  
CINCINNATI: POST & CO.

Press of COOLIDGE & WILEY, 15 Water Street, Boston.

Vol. XX. is now bound, and ready to be exchanged for the numbers. Price of binding, 50 cts. A supply of all the volumes bound is on the shelves at all times, for sale, or exchange for numbers.

Any number or numbers necessary to complete volumes, may be bought at this office;—and it is very much the interest of persons having broken volumes to complete them.

The value of the work is greatly increased by binding it. A large mass of numbers lying on shelves or in closets, is so difficult to be got at that it is unlikely to be disturbed;—while the danger of loss or destruction is much increased. The *Living Age* is not a work of temporary interest merely; but has at least an equal permanent value.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE—

THE MAIDEN AUNT,—Price 25 cts.

THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER, by Mary Howitt,—25 cts.

TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT, and NEXT OF KIN, by Mrs. Gore,—25 cts.

ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES,—38 cts.

---

## MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

This Review was commenced in December, 1847, and has been issued quarterly, until the present time, under the direction of THEODORE PARKER, assisted by several other gentlemen.

The MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY is devoted to the interests of no particular Clique or Party, and its conductors will endeavour to present an open and fair field for the notice and discussion of matters pertaining to PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE, POLITICS, RELIGION, and HUMANITY. The first volume contains papers on The Mexican War, The Life and Writings of Agassiz, The Legality of American Slavery, Education of the People, Swedenborg as a Theologian, John Quincy Adams, William Ellery Channing, &c. &c.

Each No. will contain about 125 pages, at the price of \$3.00 a year, in advance.

To new subscribers to the second volume, commencing in December, 1848, the first volume is offered at the low price of \$1.50, as long as the printed edition lasts.

COOLIDGE & WILEY, PUBLISHERS,

12 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

---

## THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER.

This Publication is issued monthly, under the patronage and direction of the MASSACHUSETTS TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. Each No. contains 32 pages, with a cover, at the subscription price of \$1.00 a year, in advance. The second volume begins with January, 1849. The attention of the Friends of Education in general is respectfully called to this work, and their subscriptions solicited.

Published by

COOLIDGE & WILEY,

12 Water Street, Boston, Mass.





Application for

Patent,  
May, 1847.

## HANKS' IMPROVED AIR HEATER, For Warming Public and Private Buildings of all kinds.

As the Locomotive Boiler is, in economical and effective service, when compared with other boilers, so is this Improved Air Heater, when compared with other heaters now so generally used by the community at large.

The peculiar improvement and operation of this apparatus is, that the heat, as its temperature is *reduced*, passes *down* into pipes of a still *lower* temperature, and at the *lowest*, passes off into the chimney. The air to be warmed is brought *first* in contact with the pipes and conductors of the *lowest* temperature, and as it becomes warm and rises, is brought in contact with, and rises among, pipes of a temperature *continually* and *regularly* increasing, until at the *highest* it passes off into conductors leading into the rooms. Thus the *current* of heat is directly *contrary* to the *current* of air passing into the apartments.

One season's use of this great improvement has fairly tested its merits, and proved its superiority over all Air Heaters now in use.

In order to warm a building, set the Air Heater in the cellar or basement room; surround it with a double brick wall, each four inches thick and four inches apart, arching it over the top, leaving a door at the rear, of sufficient size to take out the Heater—the door to be closed with two thicknesses of tin or sheet iron, three inches apart. At the bottom of the wall, directly under the pipes, also opposite the stove, introduce a supply of pure air from outside of the building; this coming in contact with the heated surfaces, rises rapidly and passes off into tin conductors leading from the arch over the Heater to the apartments intended to be warmed.

Kindle the fire in the usual manner; when sufficiently ignited, close the damper, and the heat is made to pass into all the pipes and both chambers of the Radiator.

1st. It will radiate more heat, with a given quantity of fuel, than any other apparatus now in use for the same purpose.

2d. It is perfectly accessible at all times, and may be cleared of ashes and soot, either when in operation or not, by simply opening the door of the Radiator.

3d. All the coal it may contain can always be seen by looking in at the "feeding door;" thus it may at once be known if the *quantity* and *quality* of the coal is as it should be.

4th. It is so constructed that the required quantity of heat can always be had and controlled, diminished or increased at pleasure, with a corresponding consumption of fuel.

Orders, addressed to either of the subscribers, will receive immediate attention.

L. B. HANKS, Hartford, Conn.  
DAVID PROUTY & CO., Boston.

"IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE AIR HEATER."—This is the name given to an improved furnace, invented by L. B. Hanks, of Hartford, Conn., and exhibited at the late Mechanics' Fair in this city. It is very unlike any furnace in common use, and evidently possesses some important advantages. One is, that it is only about 3 1-2 feet in height, and is therefore available in low cellars, at the same time affording an opportunity for an unusual elevation of hot air conductors immediately after they leave the brick work. Another advantage is, that the radiating surface is unusually large—about 80 feet—there being between 30 and 40 feet of cast iron flues through which the fire is made to pass, and among which the fresh air rises on its passage to the conductors, the temperature of the pipes regularly increasing upwards as the air approaches the conductors into the rooms above; and all these flues are so arranged as to be easily accessible for cleansing and other purposes. This furnace can be seen at Messrs. Prouty & Mears', North Market street, who are agents for the inventor, and deserves the attention of all who are interested in such matters. —*Boston Traveller*.

Right, Mr. Traveller; you never said a better thing. We agree with you in full—the only fault we have ever heard attributed to this Improved Locomotive Air Heater, was by a coal dealer who complained that it did not burn coal enough. The fact is, our friend Hanks has got up a little the best article for making houses comfortable, of anything we have ever seen. One important improvement is a very simple arrangement, by which the gas is almost entirely consumed, and at the same time made to increase the heat in the cast iron pipes. We advise our friends who understand this method of warming houses, to examine the furnace for themselves at Messrs. Gilbert & Cowles' 72 State street, and at the Hartford Iron Foundry. —*Hartford Courant*.



**G. W. SIMMONS,**  
Tailor, Draper and Outfitter,  
**OAK HALL, BOSTON.**

Every Description of Clothing, for GENTLE-  
MEN, YOUTH and BOYS, may be found  
here at ONE-FOURTH LOWER PRICES  
than can be bought elsewhere in the city.  
**Large Sales & Small Profits;**  
15 1/2 OAK HALL, BOSTON!  
Nos. 32, 34, 36 and 38  
ANN ST. near Merchants Row.

**EVERY VARIETY OF**  
Travelling and Convenient Articles,  
Combining the largest assortment in  
**The Out and In-Fitting Line**  
IN ANY ESTABLISHMENT  
THE UNITED STATES!



## Head Quarters for CALIFORNIA OUTFITS.

Hammocks, Blankets, Hats, Caps, Life Preservers,  
Knives of all kinds, Trunks, Tents,  
Revolving Pistols, &c.,

And every article for a regular CALIFORNIA OUTFIT.

ALSO,

## BOYS' CLOTHING.



The pop-  
ular and well-  
called low priced  
Clothing  
Depot,  
known  
as OAK  
HALL, has now  
stood the  
test for  
ten years.  
He offers  
the best  
clothing  
that the  
country  
can supply  
at the  
lowest  
prices.

Goods with  
good apparel  
at a very small  
advance upon  
the cost of the  
material and  
labor, is the  
surer plan to  
secure the general  
patronage; and his  
first & original  
of large  
fashions,  
profits  
therefor.

he is satisfied  
is the true and  
sure way;  
and he is ever  
willing to pursue  
it. He is now  
prepared with  
his enormous  
stock of Ready  
Made Garments  
of every fabric  
to suit the  
Fashions of  
the day.

even the  
man of  
or Me-  
chanic  
& which  
hereof-  
fared for  
the public  
price than  
be fore-  
seen at  
very large  
and low  
prices.  
Clergy,  
Youth,

Gentle  
fashion  
clothing  
will be  
exposed  
to the  
public at  
lower  
prices than  
ever  
known,  
this  
very  
cheap  
price of  
Cloth-  
ing, &  
Youth,

and business  
are satisfied  
with the  
clothing  
of the  
man of  
the  
public  
at the  
lowest  
price.  
Clergy,  
Youth,

highly  
prized  
clothing  
of the  
man of  
the  
public  
at the  
lowest  
price.  
Clergy,  
Youth,



OAK HALL EXPRESS will deliver Goods to any part of  
the city.

## OAK HALL! BOSTON.

**32, 34, 36, 38 Ann Street,**  
WOODEN BUILDING,  
DIAMOND WINDOWS,  
Nearly Opposite Merchants' Row.  
**G. W. SIMMONS & Co.**

